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THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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BY

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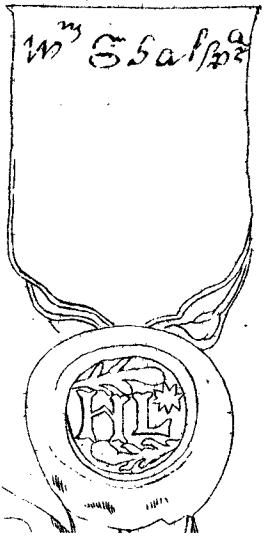

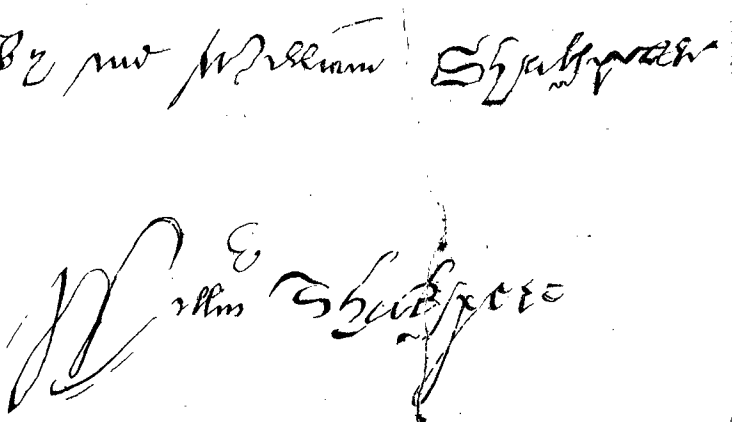

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

WAS entered in the Stationers' Registers August 4th, 1600 (see under the account of *Much Ado about Nothing*, vol. ii. p. 70); but no edition of it is known earlier than 1623, when it appeared in the folio of that date. As Meres does not mention it in the celebrated passage of his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598 (see the Memoir of Shakespeare), we may perhaps infer that it was not then in existence. From the fact that Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which is quoted, act iii. sc. 5,—

> "Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
> 'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'"—

was not printed till 1598, no conclusion is to be hastily drawn; for, in those days, poems by distinguished writers were often much read in manuscript before they reached the press.—*As you like it* is founded on a novel by Thomas Lodge called *Rosalynde. Euphues Golden Legacie*, &c., which was originally published in 1590. "Shakespeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. . . . It should be observed that the characters of Jaques, the Clown, and Audrey, are entirely of the poet's own formation." STEEVENS.—(Lodge's *Rosalynde* is reprinted in *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. i., by Mr. Collier, who is very angry at Steevens for having termed it "worthless:" but if Steevens somewhat undervalued it, Mr. Collier greatly over-rates it.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—o—

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, JAQUES, } lords attending on the banished Duke.
LE BEAU, a courtier attending on Frederick.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } sons of Sir Roland de Bois.
ADAM, DENIS, } servants to Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
CORIN, SILVIUS, } shepherds.
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE—*First (and in* act ii. sc. 3), *near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the usurper's court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. OLIVER'S *orchard.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—he bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well:[1] and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays[2] me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for

(1) *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—he bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well:*] The folio has "*As I remember Adam, it was vpon this fashion bequeathed me by will,*" &c.,—where "*fashion*" being the last word of the first line, I have little doubt that "*he*" was omitted by a mistake of the compositor: at p. 7 Orlando says, "*My father charged you in his will* to give me good education." Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes; "To avoid awkwardness and obscurity, we must insert the pronoun '*he*' before '*bequeathed*:' otherwise, from '*it was*' occurring just before, it might be doubted whether '*bequeathed*' and '*charged*' were aorists or past participles."—The second folio has "a poor thousand."

(2) *stays*] Warburton reads "stys."

the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [*Adam retires.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile!

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal's portion[3] have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.[4]

(3) *prodigal's portion*] The folio has "prodigall *portion*."
(4) *reverence.*] Warburton reads "revenue."

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*coming forward*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do—beg?—when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog!

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Denis!

Enter DENIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Denis.*]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good morrow, Monsieur Charles.—What's the new news at the new court?[5]

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news:[6] that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter,[7] be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she[8] would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen

(5) Cha. *Good morrow to your worship.*
Oli. *Good morrow, Monsieur Charles.—What's the new news at the new court?*]
So Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 263).—The folio has "*Oli. Good Mounsier Charles: what's*," &c.;—the word "*morrow*" being evidently omitted by mistake.

(6) *There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news:*] "Ought we not to read '*There's no* new *news at the* new *court, sir, but the old news*'? Compare the preceding speech." W. N. LETTSOM.

(7) *the duke's daughter,*] Here Hanmer printed "*the* old *duke's daughter;*" and in the next speech, "*the* new *duke's daughter,*"—alterations which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also makes; and from the context it is highly probable that so Shakespeare wrote.

(8) *she*] The folio has "hee."—Corrected in the third folio.

flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee,[9] Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go

(9) *I'll tell thee,*] Has been altered wrongly to "I *tell thee.*"—See note 123.

alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A lawn before the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I[10] were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

[10] *I*] Not in the folio.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.[11]

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. Indeed, then is Fortune[12] too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving[13] our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.[14]—How now, wit! whither wander you?

(11) *ill-favoured.*] The folio has "illfauouredly."

(12) *then is Fortune*] The folio has "there *is fortune.*"

(13) *perceiving*] The folio has "perceiueth."—Corrected in the second folio.

(14) *wits.*] Is altered by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 309) to "wise,"—which Mr. Spedding also proposes, and which I think a doubtful emendation because it seems to be at variance with what Celia says just before, "who, perceiving *our natural wits too dull*," &c.

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel.[15] My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.—Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

(15) Cel.] The folio has "*Ros.*"—Corrected by Theobald. (With respect to the epithet "*old*" in the preceding speech, Steevens remarks that it "is an unmeaning term of familiarity: it is still in use, and has no reference to age.")

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?[16]

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks,—

Ros. "Be it known unto all men by these presents,"—[17]

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles,

(16) Le Beau. *Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.*
Cel. *Sport! of what colour?*]

In the second of these speeches Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*sport*" to "spot," to indicate that Celia is ridiculing the affected pronunciation of Le Beau.

(17) Le Beau. *Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks,—*
Ros. "*Be it known unto all men by these presents,*"—]

In the folio the words "*with bills on their necks*" are the commencement of Rosalind's speech. Farmer (who showed that Shakespeare might have found this very expression in Lodge's *Rosalynd*, the novel which furnished the plot of the play,—"Rosader came pacing towardes them with his *forrest bill on his neck*," p. 84 of reprint in *Shakespeare's Library*) assigned them to Le Beau; and no doubt rightly;—for, if they are spoken by Rosalind, the whole humour of the passage evaporates. By "*bills*" Le Beau means the weapons carried by foresters: Rosalind chooses to understand that he means *scrolls, advertising bills.*

the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to feel[18] this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you,

(18) *feel*] The folio has "see."—"'*Feel*,' surely; and so Johnson conjectures, although he doubts whether any change is required." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 299.—The error "see" was evidently derived from the close of the speech, "Shall we *see* this wrestling, cousin?"

there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him,[19] but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess' call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.[20]

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

(19) Duke F. *You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him,*] The folio has "—— *such oddes in the* man," &c.;—which has been explained, "the challenger (Orlando) is so little of a match;" but if Shakespeare had here written "man" (meaning *Orlando*), he surely would not immediately after have written "*In pity of the challenger's youth*," &c., but "*In pity of* his *youth*," &c. Nor, on carefully considering the passage, can I think more favourably of the old reading, because a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August 1853, p. 197, confidently maintains that it means "there is such superiority (of strength) in the *man* (*Charles*)." A little above, "*man*" is applied to Orlando ("Is yonder the *man?*"), and, a little below, to Charles ("cruel proof of this *man's* strength"): here the two "*men*," Charles and Orlando, are spoken of.

(20) Duke F. —— *Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.*
Cel. *Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.*
. . . . . .
Le Beau. *Monsieur the challenger, the princess' call for you.*
Orl. *I attend them with all respect and duty.*]

According to the folio, Le Beau says, "—— *the princesse* cals *for you.*"—Theobald's alteration is, "*the* princesses *call for you:*"—but I prefer "*the princess' call for you:*"—the plural form "*princess'*" occurs in *The Tempest*, act i. sc. 2, while "princesses" is not found once throughout the whole of Shakespeare's works.—Still, whether we read "*the* princess calls," &c., or "*the princess' call*," &c., an inconsistency will remain.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom not improbably conjectures that the speech now given to Celia, "Call him hither," &c., should have the double prefix "*Cel.* and *Ros.:*" "this notion," he adds, "is in some degree supported by the Duke's immediately preceding words, 'Speak to him, *ladies;*' as well as by the fact that Rosalind is the first to address Orlando, which is not altogether consistent with Celia only requesting Le Beau to call him. At any rate it seems quite impossible, if 'princess' is a singular, to explain 'I attend *them*,' though Caldecott, Knight, and Collier have made the attempt."—Rowe reads "*I attend* her."

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment,[21] the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: herein[22] I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean[23] to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

(21) *our eyes, . . . our judgment,*] The folio has "your *eyes* . . . your *judgment.*"—Corrected by Warburton; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

(22) *herein*] The folio has "wherein,"—which Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 309) justly suspects.—I adopt Mason's emendation.

(23) *You mean*] Theobald conjectured "An *you mean;*" Mason, "If *you mean.*"

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*Charles and Orlando wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Charles is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [*Charles is borne out.*
What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exeunt Duke Fred., Train, and Le Beau.*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Roland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love

But justly, as you have exceeded promise,[24]
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That would[25] give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues[26] all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this,—

(24) *But justly, as you have exceeded promise,*] "The old copy, without regard to the measure, reads '—— *all* promise.'" STEEVENS.—Hanmer printed "—— *as you've* here *exceeded promise.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 288) would read "—— *as y'have* here excell'd all *promise.*"

(25) *would*] The folio has "could."

(26) *misconstrues*] The folio has "misconsters." See note 25 on *The Merchant of Venice.*

Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here were at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter[27] is his daughter:
Th' other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the palace.*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

(27) *shorter*] So Rowe (in his sec. ed.) and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "taller,"—which is certainly wrong: see the next scene, p. 23.—"I suspect this ['taller'] is a slip of Shakespeare's pen. The word he had in his thoughts was probably '*shorter*' (and so Pope and others), not '*smaller*,' which in this sense belongs to later English." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 60.—Mr. Spedding proposes "lesser."

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child.[28] O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong[29] a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?[30]

(28) Cel. *But is all this for your father?*
Ros. *No, some of it is for my father's child.*]

So Rowe (in his sec. ed.), Coleridge, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "——*for my* childes Father;" which could only be right, if Celia's question had been, "*But is all this for your* child?"

(29) *strong*] "'Strange,' I think [and so the third folio]." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 23.

(30) Ros. *No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.*
Cel. *Why should I? doth he not deserve well?*]

The folio has "Cel. *Why should I* not? *doth he not deserue well?*"—a manifest error, in consequence of "*not*" occurring just before and just after.—(Mr. Grant White, who adheres to the reading of the folio, says that "*doth he not deserve well*" means "*doth he not deserve well* to be hated,"—which is utterly inconsistent with the declaration in Celia's preceding speech, "yet I hate not Orlando.")

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK *with* Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,[31]
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much

(31) *Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,*] The Ms. Corrector reads "—— *your* fastest *haste*," and, according to Mr. Collier, he is "supported by obvious plausibility:" but, as a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August 1853, p. 198, observes, "Rosalind is allowed *ten days* to take herself off in."—1863. Mr. Collier now says that here "change seems undesirable."

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? (32) Rosalind lacks, then, the love

(32) *No, hath not?*] Is Mr. Singer right in considering this as parallel to the form of expression in *King John*, act iv. sc. 2, "No had, my lord!" (on which vide note)?—"I think Mr. Singer is mistaken. The case would be different, if Shakespeare had written '*No hath.*'" W. N. LETTSOM.

Which teacheth me [33] that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,[34]
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll [35] have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?

(33) *me*] So Warburton.—The folio has "thee."

(34) *your change upon you,*] The second folio has "*your* charge *upon you.*"

(35) *We'll*] Hanmer substituted "I'll."

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,[36]
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, *and other* Lords, *in the dress of foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang[37]
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

(36) *Now go we in content,*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Now go* in we *content,*"—which is preferred by Caldecott and Mr. Knight!

(37) *Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,*
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang]

The folio has "*Heere feele we* not *the penaltie of Adam,*" &c.—Theobald altered "not" to "*but*" (words very frequently confounded in early books).—"For the plural followed by a single instance, compare act iv. sc. 3;

"Tears our *recountments* had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:
I would not change it.[38]

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one anóther down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

(38) *I would not change it.*] In the folio these words begin the next speech. It seems strange that no one before Upton should have seen that they *must* belong to the Duke, and still stranger that, after the error was once pointed out, any editor should persist in retaining it.

First, for his weeping in the needless stream;[39]
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:" then, being alone,[40]
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;[41]
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company:" anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the[42] country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

(39) *his weeping in the needless stream;*] The folio has "*his weeping* into *the needlesse streame,*" the transcriber's or compositor's eye having caught "into" from the preceding line. ("*In*" was formerly often used for "into," *e.g.*

"But first I'll turn yond fellow *in* his grave."
Richard III. act i. sc. 2.—

Mr. Grant White prints "—— *into* th' *needless stream;*" and states, by mistake, "Thus the original.")

(40) *To that which had too much:" then, being alone,*] The folio has "*To that which had too* must: *then being* there *alone.*"—The second folio reads "—— *had too much* ——."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Mr. Singer read "*To that which* hath *too much,*" &c.

(41) *his velvet friends;*] The folio has "*his veluet* friend;" which Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier retain in consequence of Whiter's observation, that "the singular is often used for the plural with a sense more *abstracted*, and therefore in many instances more poetical"!

(42) *the*] Added in the second folio.

SCENE II. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them ?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother's;[43] fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail[44]
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before* OLIVER'S *house.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there ?

Adam. What, my young master ?—O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Roland! why, what make you here ?

[43] *brother's ;*] The folio has "brother."
[44] *quail*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes that "'*fail*' [Mr. Lloyd's conjecture] seems more appropriate here than '*quail*.'"

Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony[45] priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some[46] kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl.[47] Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! within this roof[48]
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

(45) *bony*] The folio has "bonnie;" which some editors retain,—most improperly, I think. (As Charles is here called "*bony*," so in the preceding scene he is called "*sinewy*.")

(46) *some*] The folio has "seeme."

(47) Orl.] Omitted by mistake in the folio.

(48) *within this roof*] Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector very erroneously read "beneath *this roof*."—Compare

"He answer'd him; Ile tell all strictly true,
If time, and foode, and wine enough acrue.
Within your roofe to vs," &c.
Chapman's *Odyssey*, B. xiv. p. 216, ed. folio.

"Minerua, who *in Joues high roofe*, that beares the rough shield," &c.
Chapman's *Iliad*, B. i. p. 6.

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.[49]

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in[50] my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service swet for duty, not for meed![51]

[49] *Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.*] "The language is so strikingly Shakespearian, that nothing but the most extreme obtuseness can excuse the Ms. Corrector's perverse reading,

'*Of a diverted*, proud, *and bloody brother.*'"

Blackwood's Magazine for August 1853, p. 198.

[50] *in*] Capell reads "to."

[51] *The constant service of the antique world,*
When service swet for duty, not for meed!]

"I believe that the former '*service*' is the corrupt one; yet I can imagine Shakespeare having written

'When *duty* swet for duty, not for meed.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 293,—

where his editor conjectures "*The constant* temper *of*," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*The constant* favour *of*," &c.

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: 'tis not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen[52] years till now almost fourscore
Here livèd I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND *in boy's clothes,* CELIA *drest like a shepherdess, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman;[53] but I must comfort the weaker

[52] *seventeen*] The folio has "seauentie."

[53] Ros. *O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!*
Touch. *I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.*
Ros. *I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman;*]

So Warburton.—The folio has "*O Iupiter, how* merry *are my spirits!*" &c.; and so Caldecott and Mr. Knight. The latter observes; "All the modern editions read *weary.* Whiter, with GREAT GOOD SENSE, suggests that Rosalind's merriment was assumed as well as her dress. Malone's explanation supports Whiter's remark: 'She invokes Jupiter, because

vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.(54)

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here;
A young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so,—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

he was supposed to be always in good spirits. A *jovial* man was a common phrase in our author's time.'" Surely such notes are quite enough to make any one "merry,"—absolute *Cordials for Low Spirits.*

(54) *I cannot go no further.*] This has been defended as the not unusual phraseology of Shakespeare's time: but I feel strongly tempted to read here, with the second folio, "*I* can *go no further*,"—the very words of Adam in p. 36.

Wearing[55] thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,[56]
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,[57] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! * this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

(55) *Wearing*] Is altered in the second folio to "Wearying:" but the original reading has much the same meaning, and is supported by a passage in Jonson's *Gipsies Metamorphosed;*

> "Or a long pretended fit,
> Meant for mirth, but is not it;
> Only time and ears *out-wearing*," &c.
> *Works*, vol. vii. p. 419, ed. Gifford.

(56) *thy wound,*] The folio has "they would;" the second folio "their *wound.*"

(57) *batlet,*] The folio has "batler."—Corrected in the second folio.

* *Jove, Jove!* &c.] Perhaps this couplet, and the words "it grows something stale with me," in the next speech, are quoted from some ballad or poem.

Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.
Ros. Peace, I say.—Good even to you,[58] friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,[59]
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

(58) *you,*] The folio has "your."
(59) *I will your very faithful feeder be,*] "Qu. 'faithful *factor*'? '*Feed*' occurs ll. 13 and 16 above. 'Your *factor*,' i.e. *your agent in buying the farm.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 311,—wrongly, I believe.

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

Song.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note[60]
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza:—call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two

(60) *And tune his merry note*] The folio has "*And* turne *his*," &c.—(Mr. Singer defends the reading of the folio by citing from Hall's *Satires*, B. vi. S. i.,

"While threadbare Martial *turns* his merry note;"

where "turns" is manifestly an error for "*tunes:*" so again in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 2, the second folio makes Thurio say to the musicians, "*Let's* turne," &c.—To "turn a note" means only to "change a note:" compare *The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*, &c., 1595;

"How merily he sitteth on his stoole!
But when he sees that needs he must be prest,
Heele *turne his note* and sing another tune." Sig. D.)

dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.[61]

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

Song.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes;

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that "ducdame"?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.

(61) *look you.*] I may notice that this is equivalent to "look *for* you." We have already had, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act IV. sc. 2, "Mistress Page and I will *look* some linen for your head."

I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.[62]

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will be here[63] with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*

(62) *Dear master, I can go no further . . . kind master.*] "Qu.," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 18),

> "'Dear master, I can go no further: O,
> I die, *I die* for food. Here lie I down,
> And measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.'

The folio prints it as verse in a scrambling sort of way." But the speech which immediately follows this, and which is stark prose, is so printed in the folio as to look like verse.

(63) *I will be here*] The folio has "*I will* heere be."

SCENE VII. *Another part of the forest (the same as in* Sc. v.).

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, *and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter JAQUES.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:"
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;

And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool!—Motley's the only wear.
Duke S. What fool is this?
Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know't: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most gallèd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The "why" is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
But to[64] seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

(64) *But to*] Supplied by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Warburton supplied "Not *to*."

And all th' embossèd sores and headed evils,[65]
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?[66]
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost—
Thinking that I mean him—but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein[67]
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then by taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more!
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

(65) *headed evils,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 61) remarks that here we have "an old use of '*evil*,' still extant in '*king's evil*,'" and silently reads "beaded *evils*,"—which his editor "suspects to be the genuine word."

(66) *Till that the weary very means do ebb?*] A line which has been variously mended by conjecture.—Pope's alteration is "*Till that the very very means do ebb;*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*Till that the very means of wear do ebb;*" Mr. Singer reads "*Till that the wearer's very means do ebb;*" Mr. Swynfen Jervis suggests "*Till that the means, the very means do ebb.*"

(67) *There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein*] Has been altered by Hanmer to "*There then; how then? let me* then *see wherein*," and by Capell to "*There then; how, what then? let me see wherein*." Malone would merely substitute "Where" for "*There*." Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "Where *then? how then? what then?* let's *see wherein*."

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and[68] let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command[69] what help we have,

[68] *and*] Probably (as Mr. W. N. Lettsom remarks) an error caused by "and" occurring twice in the next line: qy. "so"?

[69] *upon command*] *i.e.* as you may choose to order, at your will and pleasure.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, not understanding the passage, reads "*upon* commend."

That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. As, first[70] the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then[71] the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then the soldier,[72]
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In[73] fair round belly with good capon lin'd,

(70) *As, first*] The folio has "At *first*."—"I have no doubt that Shakespeare wrote '*As* [*i.e.* namely, to wit], first.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 129.—And so Capell conjectures.

(71) *And then*] So Rowe (in sec. ed.).—The folio has only "*Then*."

(72) *the soldier,*] The folio has "a *Soldier:*" but compare elsewhere in the present speech "*the* infant," "*the* schoolboy," "*the* lover," "*the* justice," &c.—This correction was suggested to me by Mr. Robson.

(73) *In*] "Read," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "'*His;*' and, six lines below, '*In* youthful hose.'"—I must confess that I think both these alterations unnecessary.

With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;—
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Song.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,(74)
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

(74) *Because thou art not seen,*] Hanmer printed "Thou causest not that teen" (!): Warburton reads "*Because thou art not* sheen:" Farmer conjectured "*Because* the heart's *not seen:*" and Mr. Staunton proposes "*Because thou art* foreseen."

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c.

Duke S. If that you were[75] the good Sir Roland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I'm the duke,
That lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master[76] is.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

(75) *were*] Qy. here, and in the next line, "are"?
(76) *master*] The folio has "masters."

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ORLANDO *with a paper, which he hangs on a tree.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crownèd queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes

fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,[77] or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damned; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Master Touchstone:[78] those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

(77) *complain of good breeding,*] Hanmer printed "*complain of* bad *breeding;*" and Warburton reads "*complain of* gross *breeding.*"—"'*Complain of good breeding,*' *i.e.* for want of it, and as not having been dealt with by the same measure as his neighbours. Johnson says, the custom of our author's age might authorise this mode of speech; and adds, that in the last line of the *Merch. of Ven.*, 'to fear the keeping' is 'to fear the not keeping.' Whiter says, it is a mode of speech common in all languages, and cites

Εἴ τ' ἄρ' ὀγ' εὐχωλῆς ἐπιμέμφεται εἰθ' ἑκατόμβης. *Il.* i. 65.
'Whether he complains of *the want of* prayers or of sacrifice.'"
CALDECOTT.

(78) *Master Touchstone:*] So Capell, and no doubt rightly.—The folio omits "*Master.*" But compare Corin's first speech in this scene; and let us remember that the word "*Master,*" being often expressed in Mss. by the single letter *M*, might easily be omitted.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Ros. "From the east to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the face [79] of Rosalind."

[79] *the face*] So Rowe (in his sec. ed.).—The folio has "the *faire;*" which Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 327) would retain (as a substantive, meaning "fairness, beauty"), altering "*face*" to "fair" in the preceding line (an alteration objectionable on account of "*fairest*" just above).

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank [80] to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste;

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter [81] garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be [82] the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

[80] *rank*] Altered to "rate" by Hanmer.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 62), mentioning this passage, observes, "At any rate, '*rank*' is wrong;" and his editor, Mr. W. N. Lettsom, adds in a note; "'*Rank*,' no doubt, is rank nonsense. . . . . Hanmer's '*rate*' seems to me the genuine word. Even Whiter pays it an involuntary homage, when he explains '*rank*' as 'the jog-trot *rate* with which butter-women uniformly travel one after another in their road to market;'—'*one after another*' is added to save '*rank*,' as if '*rank*' meant *file*. Butter-women, going each from her solitary farm to the nearest market-town, would travel most of their way alone; and the critics, I suspect, would never have dreamed of drawing them up in rank or file, if they had not had a conjecture to attack."—For my own part, I think "*rank*" the true reading.

[81] *Winter*] The folio has "Wintred" (not, as Mr. Grant White states, "Wint'red").—Corrected in the third folio.

[82] *be*] "Read '*bear*;' for '*it*' refers to the tree that is to be graffed." —W. N. LETTSOM.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*reads*] "Why should this a (83) desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her (84) heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! (85)—what tedious homily of

(83) *a*] Omitted in the folio.
(84) *her*] The folio has "his."
(85) *Jupiter!*] Mr. Spedding (apud the Cambridge Shakespeare) reads "pulpiter!"

love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back, friends:—shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:—I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change your colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of

discovery;[86] I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle,—either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

(86) *a South-sea of discovery;*] Has been altered by Warburton to "*a South-sea* off *discovery*," and by Capell to "*a* South-sea-off *discovery.*"

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such[87] fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy[88] tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Rosalind retire.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith,
I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake,
I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b'wi' you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

(87) *such*] Added in the second folio.
(88) *thy*] The folio has "the."

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques. Celia and Rosalind come forward.*

Ros. [*aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal,

who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it[89] still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

(89) *stays it*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "stands he," that the words may correspond with what Rosalind has said above.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous[90] till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying[91] the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue eye and sunken,—which you have not; an unquestionable spirit,—which you have not; a beard neglected,—which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation;—but you are no such man,—you are rather point-devise in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good

(90) *seeming monstrous*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 264) proposes "*seeming* most *monstrous*."

(91) *deifying*] The folio has "defying."—Corrected in the second folio.

sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness;[92] which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the

[92] *from his mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness;*] The folio has "—— *to a* liuing *humor of madnes.*"—Johnson proposed "*loving,*" to restore the antithesis which was obviously intended; and such too is the Ms. correction in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the folio.—1863. Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 63) says, "Of course '*loving.*'"

way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?[93]

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited,—worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may[94] be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for

(93) *Your features!* . . . . . *what features?*] Farmer would read "*Your* feature! . . . . . what's feature?"

(94) *may*] Mason and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "it *may*."

honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [*aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts.[95] But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "Many a man knows no end of his goods:" right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? ever to poor men alone?[96] No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.—Here comes Sir Oliver.

[95] *horn-beasts.*] The folio has "*horne-beasts;*" and Walker would read "horned *beasts:*" see his *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 63,—under the head of "*Final* d *and final* e *confounded.*"

[96] *Horns? ever to poor men alone?*] The folio has "*Hornes, euen so poore men alone:*" which the modern editors usually punctuate (with Theobald) thus,—"Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters this to "Are *horns* given to *poor men alone?*"—Mr. Singer reads "*Horns!* never for *poor men alone?*" (which I hardly understand).

Enter Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*coming forward*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir:—nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.—
Farewell, good Master Oliver:—not,

O sweet Oliver,*
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee;—

* *O sweet Oliver*, &c.] Fragments (perhaps somewhat altered) of a ballad now lost.—"In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered, by Richard Jones, the ballad of 'O swete Olyver, Leave me not behind thee.' Again [on the 20th of the same month], 'The answeare of O sweete Olyver.' Again [on the 1st of August], in 1586, 'O swete Olyver, altered to [by] the Scriptures.'" STEEVENS.

but,

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.(97)

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest. Before a cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

(97) *but,*
Wind away,
Be gone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.]

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives

"*But* wend *away,*
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding bind *thee.*"

But there is no reason to suppose that a rhyme in the last line was intended by Shakespeare; for it would seem that Touchstone is citing two distinct portions of the ballad. Nor can we doubt that "*Wind away*" was the reading of the old ditty: compare *The History of Pyramus and Thisbie,*

"That doone, *away* hee *windes,* as fier of hell or Vulcan's thunder," &c.
The Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578, p. 171 of the reprint.

"*Wind*" is an early form of "*wend.*"

Ros. And his kissing [98] is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. "Was" is not "is:" besides, the oath of a [99] lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers [100] of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: [101] but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

(98) Ros. *And his kissing*, &c.] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 64) queries,

"*Ros.* And his kissing—
Cel. Is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread: he hath bought," &c.

(99) *a*] Added in the second folio.

(100) *confirmers*] The folio has "confirmer."

(101) *a noble goose:*] "Sir Thomas Hanmer altered this to '*a nose-quill'd* goose' . . . an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a great measure be supported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie*," &c. FARMER.—"By this phrase is perhaps meant 'a magnanimous simpleton of an adventurer.'" CALDECOTT.

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to see this sight,[102] and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?[103]

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

[102] *Bring us to see this sight*, &c.] The folio omits "*see*,"—which was inserted by Mr. Swynfen Jervis, who compares "*To see this sight*, it irks my very soul." *Third Part of King Henry VI.* act ii. sc. 2.—Qy. "I *prove a busy actor*," &c.?

[103] *that dies and lives by bloody drops?*] "*Die and live.* This *hysteron*

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon;[104] why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but[105] upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable[106] impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.[107]

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

proteron is by no means uncommon: its meaning is, of course, the same as live and die, *i.e.* subsist from the cradle to the grave.

> 'With sorrow they both *die and live*
> That unto richesse her hertes yeve.'
> *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 5789–90.

> 'He is a foole, and so shall he *dye and live*,
> That thinketh him wise, and yet can he nothing.'
> *The Ship of Fooles*, fol. 67, by Alexander Barclay, 1570.

'Behold how ready we are, how willingly the women of Sparta will *die and live* with their husbands.' *The Pilgrimage of Kings and Princes*, p. 29." W. R. ARROWSMITH (*Notes and Queries*, First Series, vol. vii. p. 542).

(104) *swoon;*] The folio has "*swound.*"

(105) *but*] Added in the second folio.

(106) *capable*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "palpable;" which was given by Mr. Singer in his *Shakespeare*, 1826.

(107) *That can do hurt.*] Hanmer prints "*That can do* any *hurt,*" and in the next speech, "*O* my *dear,*" &c.; Capell, "*That can do hurt* to any."

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*coming forward*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,[108]
Over the wretched? What though you have some beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—[109]
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?

(108) *That you insult, exult, and all at once,*] Mr. Staunton observes that "'*and all at once*' was a trite phrase in Shakespeare's day;" and he instances

"Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, *and all at once*," &c.
King Henry V. act i. sc. 1.

"She wept, she cride, she sob'd, *and all at once.*"
The Fisherman's Tale, 1594, by F. Sabie.

"Does love turn fool, run mad, *and all at once?*"
Middleton and W. Rowley's *Changeling*, act iv. sc. 3.

(109) *What though you have some beauty,—*
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—]

The folio has "*What though you* hau no *beauty*," &c.—I adopt Hanmer's correction, which is approved by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 308).—Malone quotes a passage from the novel on which the play is founded, to show that "no *beauty*" must be wrong: the fact is, "no" was inserted by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor, whose eye caught it from the next line.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note on Walker's work, *ubi supra*) would read here "*What though you* had *some beauty*," &c., considering the "hau" of the folio to be an error for "had."

You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.—
So, take her to thee, shepherd:—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her[110] foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger:—if it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.—
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
"Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?" *

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

[110] *her*] The folio has "your."

* "*Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?*"] A line from Christopher Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, First Sestiad,—*Works*, p. 281, ed. Dyce, 1858.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall;[111] yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,

[111] *He is not tall;*] The folio has "*He is not* very *tall.*"—See, on the word "*Very* interpolated," Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 269.

A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I[112] have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and[113] passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be[114] better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

[112] *I*] Added in the second folio.
[113] *and*] Omitted by Capell.
[114] *be*] Not in the folio.

Ros. Why, then 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these;—but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often [115] rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God b'wi' you, an you talk in blank verse!

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [*Exit Jaques.*] [116] Why,

[115] *which, by often*] The first folio has "in *which by often;*" the second folio, "in *which* my *often.*"—Mr. Swynfen Jervis suggests "on *which* my *often.*"

[116] [Exit Jaques.] The first folio omits to mark the exit of Jaques.—The second folio makes him go out immediately after his preceding speech; and so the modern editors. "The original," says Mr. Grant White, "gives no direction for the exit of Jaques; and the question has been raised, whether he should go out when he takes leave, or just before Rosalind addresses Orlando. It seems plain that in the latter case a charming and characteristic incident would be lost. Rosalind is a little vexed with Orlando for not keeping tryst. She sees him when he first comes in, but purposely does not look at him,—no woman needs to be told why. He speaks, but she, with her little heart thumping at her

how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover!—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth[117] part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail!

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure, I think, than you can make[118] a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday

breast all the while, refuses to notice her lover, and pretends to be absorbed in Jaques; and as he retires, driven off by the coming scene of sentiment, the approach of which he detects, she still ignores the presence of the poor delinquent, and continues to talk to Jaques till a curve in the path takes him out of sight; then turning, she seems to see Orlando for the first time, and breaks upon him with, 'Why, how now?' &c. Well might the old printer of *Promos and Cassandra* say that there are some speeches 'which in reading wil seeme hard, and in action appeare plaine.'" All this shows little knowledge of stage-business.—The modern acting-copies of *As you like it* do not allow Jaques to take any part in the present scene.

(117) *thousandth*] The folio has "thousand."

(118) *you can make*] So Hanmer.—The folio has "*you make.*"

humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.[119]

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say,—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos.[120] But these are all lies:

[119] *or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes this to "*or I should* thank *my honesty* rather *than my wit.*"

[120] *and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos.*] Here Hanmer reads "coroners" instead of "*chroniclers*" (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—"The word '*found*' makes for 'coroners;' but the plural number, and the phrase '*of that age*,' tell the other way." W. N. Lettsom.

men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—"Will you, Orlando,"—

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts,—they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Bar-

bary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.[121]

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—"Wit, whither wilt?"

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,[122] let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

(121) *sleep.*] Warburton reads "weep."

(122) *make her fault her husband's occasion,*] "Sir Thomas Hanmer," says Mr. Collier, "made a tolerable guess, when he altered '*occasion*' to 'accusation.' . . . It is 'accusing' in the corrected folio, 1632; no doubt, Shakespeare's word."—Mr. Staunton proposes "—— *her husband's* confusion."—According to Johnson, the old text means "represent her fault as occasioned by her husband."

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:— I'll tell thee,[123] Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter JAQUES *and* Lords *in the habit of foresters, with a dead deer.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

First Lord. Sir, it was I.

[123] *I'll tell thee,*] "Qu. 'I *tell thee*'? This blunder, if it be one, is not uncommon." W. N. LETTSOM. It is not a blunder.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Sec. Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Then (124) sing him home: the rest shall bear this burden.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here(125) much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me(126) give you this: [*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,

(124) *Then*] Is altered by Mr. Grant White to "They."
(125) *here*] Perhaps "here's."
(126) *Phebe bid me*] The folio has "*Phebe* did *bid me.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix.[127] 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.[128]

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's[129] gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes. [*Reads.*

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"—

(127) *Were man as rare as phœnix.*] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 266) quotes this passage with the reading "men" (which he seems to have taken for the established text), and would write "phœnix" (*i.e.* phœnixes).

(128) *Phebe did write it.*] Mason, in consequence of the next speech, conjectures, "*Phebe did write it* with her own fair hand."

(129) *woman's*] The folio has "womens."

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*reads*]

"Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"—

Did you ever hear such railing?— [*Reads.*

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."—

Meaning me a beast.— [*Reads.*

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How, then, might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:[130]
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! —Well, go your way to her,—for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,—and say this to her:—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never

[130] *He that brings this love to thee*
Little knows this love in me:]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 295) cites this couplet, marking the first "*love*" as suspicious, and observes, "'*Love*' occurs three other times in the course of these fourteen lines."

have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years:—"The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,[131]
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owners[132] of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin;—are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,

(131) *Of female favour, and bestows himself*
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,]

Here the "*but*" was inserted by the editor of the second folio, who troubled himself only about the metre of the line.—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 209) observes that "'*a ripe sister*' seems an odd expression;" and Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note, *ibid.*) most ingeniously proposes

"*Of female favour*, but *bestows himself*
Like a right forester: *the woman low.*"

(132) *owners*] The folio has "owner."

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,[133]
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself:
Under an oak,[134] whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay crouching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

(133) *Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,*] The folio has "*Chewing the* food *of*," &c.—In the Introduction to *Quentin Durward* the imaginery Marquis de Hautlieu is made to quote the present line thus,

"*Shewing* the *code* of sweet and bitter fancy:"

which is followed by the remark; "Against this various reading of a well-known passage in Shakespeare I took care to offer no protest; for I suspect Shakespeare would have suffered in the opinion of so delicate a judge as the Marquis, had I proved his having written '*chewing* the *cud*,' according to all other authorities." p. xxxvi., ed. 1823. Sir Walter Scott, therefore, was not aware that "all authorities" agreed in "*chewing the* food *of*," &c.; and to him, in fact, we owe the correction of the line.—Mr. Staunton prints "*Chewing the cud of*," &c., and observes; "the old text has '*food*,' undoubtedly a misprint. 'To chew the *cud*,' metaphorically, to *ruminate*, to *revolve in the mind*, is an expression of frequent occurrence in our old authors."

(134) *an oak,*] The folio has "*an* old *Oake.*"

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando:—did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;—[135]
In[136] brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,

[135] *As, how I came into that desert place;—*] After this line Capell supposes two lines, Malone one line, to have been lost.—"'*As*,' in this place, signifies '*as for instance.*' I suspect no omission." STEEVENS. See note 37.

[136] *In*] The folio has "I."—Corrected in the second folio.

Dy'd in his blood,[137] unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
[*Rosalind faints.*

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it.[138]—Cousin Ganymede![139]

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—you a man? you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah,[140] a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back

(137) *and to give this napkin,*
Dy'd in his blood,]

The folio has "*Died in* this *bloud;*" and so Malone, Caldecott, and Mr. Knight! (Only hear Malone; "The editor of the second folio changed '*this* blood' unnecessarily to '*his* blood.' Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he presents it; and *Rosalind could not doubt whose blood it was, after the account that had been before given"!*)

(138) *There is more in it.*] The third folio has "*There is* no *more in it.*"

(139) *Cousin Ganymede!*] These words have been separated thus, "*Cousin—Ganymede!*"—at the bidding of Johnson, who observes that "Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says *Ganymede.*" But "*cousin*" is used here merely as a term of familiar address.

(140) *Ah, sirrah,*] Pope substituted "*Ah,* sir:" but compare *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 5;

"*Ah, sirrah,* this unlook'd-for sport comes well."
"*Ah, sirrah,* by my fay, it waxes late."

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so-so.

Touch. So-so is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise; but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me:—to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female, —which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit,[141] I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy;[142] I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

(141) *to wit,*] So Steevens, at the bidding of Farmer.—The folio has "or (*to wit*)."

(142) *policy;*] The folio has "police."—Corrected in the second folio.

SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*[143]

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her[144] sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.[145] [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

[143] SCENE II. Another part of the forest.] Here, perhaps, the scene ought to be marked—"*Another part of the forest.* Before a cottage."

[144] *her*] A necessary modern addition.

[145] *And you, fair sister.*] "I know not why Oliver should call Rosalind *sister*. He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read 'And you, *and your* fair sister.'" JOHNSON. "Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother." CHAMIER. "Much wonder is expressed as to how the knowledge of Rosalind's sex, which this reply evinces, was obtained; and forgetfulness is attributed to Shakespeare. But those who wonder must themselves forget that since the end of the last act Oliver has wooed and won Celia; for to suppose that she kept Rosalind's secret from him one moment longer than was necessary to give her own due precedence, would be to exhibit an ignorance in such matters quite deplorable." GRANT WHITE.—To me none of these notes is satisfactory.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon[146] when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:"[147] for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then,—for now I speak to some purpose,—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it

(146) *swoon*] The old eds. have "sound" and "swound."
(147) *overcame:*] The folio has "ouercome."

appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meaning?[148]

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and obedience,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;[149]—

(148) *meaning?*] The folio has "meanings."—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 248).

(149) *All adoration, duty, and obedience,*
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;—]

In the folio both the first and the third of these lines end with the word "obseruance." Malone proposed altering "observance" to "*obedience*"

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[*To Rosalind.*

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[*To Phebe.*

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to,[150]—"Why blame you me to love you?"

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you [*to Silvius*], if I can:—I would love you [*to Phebe*], if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you [*to Phebe*], if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you [*to Orlando*], if ever I satisfy[151] man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you [*to Silvius*], if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*to Orlando*] love Rosalind, meet: as you [*to Silvius*] love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no

in the third line; Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector inserts that alteration in the first,—which I think preferable.

(150) *Who do you speak to,*—] The old eds. have "Why *do you speake* too."—Corrected by Rowe.

(151) *satisfy*] The folio has "satisfi'd" (a mistake for "*satisfie*,"—which spelling the folio has in the earlier part of the sentence).

dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only[152] prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,[153]
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lie
In spring-time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring-time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring-time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no

[152] *the only*] Mr. Grant White gives "your *only*,"—"the printer," he says, "having mistaken y^r for y^e."

[153] *In spring-time . . . . . ring-time,*] The folio has "*In the spring-time . . . . . rang time:*" but see the song (printed from a Ms. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh) in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c., vol. i. p. 204, sec. ed. (indeed, Steevens had conjectured that the true reading was "*ring*"). The same Ms. shows (and it was evident enough before) that the stanzas are transposed in the folio, which gives as the second stanza what ought to be the last.

great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable.(154)

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b'wi' you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*(155)

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promisèd?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.(156)

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*

(154) *untimeable.*] So Theobald, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "vntunable."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 295) would retain the old reading here, and alter the first "*time*" to "tune" in the next speech.

(155) SCENE IV. Another part of the forest.] This scene perhaps ought to be marked "*Another part of the forest.* Before a cottage."

(156) *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.*] "The meaning," says Malone, "I think, is, *As those who fear,—they,* even those very persons, entertain *hopes* that their fears will not be realized; *and* yet at the same time they well *know* that there is reason for *their fears.*"—"'*As those that fear they hope,*' &c.," says Mr. Grant White, "is, of course, 'as those who are apprehensive that they are deceiving themselves by indulging a secret hope, although they know they fear the issue,'—a state of mind in which few readers of Shakespeare can have failed to be at some time. Apology is surely necessary for offering even a paraphrastic explanation of so simple a passage." But to most other critics the passage has appeared very dark; and among the various attempts to amend it are the following;

"*As those that fear* their *hope, and know* their *fear.*"
HEATH.

"*As those that fear* to *hope, and know they fear.*"
MR. COLLIER'S *Ms. Corrector.*

"*As those that fear* their *hope, and* hope their *fear.*"
MR. W. N. LETTSOM.

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To Orlando.*

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To Phebe.*

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To Silvius.*

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I've promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word,[157] Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscurèd in the circle of this forest.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-

(157) *Keep your word,*] The old eds. have "*Keepe* you *your word.*"

minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How, the[158] seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.[159] I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks:—a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.[160]

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike

[158] *the*] Added in the third folio. (Compare the next speech of Jaques.)

[159] *I desire you of the like.*] See note 47 on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

[160] *and such dulcet diseases.*] "He [Touchstone] is resuming his former speech: point, if the names be rightly prefixed to the characters,

'—— as your pearl in your foul oyster;—
Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.
Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir;—and such dulcet diseases—
Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find,' &c.

But I have scarcely any doubt that the parts ought to be disposed thus; '—— and sententious. *Jaq.* According to the fool's bolt, sir. *Touch.* And such dulcet diseases—', &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 64.

the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied:[161] this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the[162] Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too with an "if." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if," as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your "if" is the only peace-maker; much virtue in "if."

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as[163] good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

(161) *lied:*] The folio has "lie."
(162) *the*] Added in the second folio.
(163) *as*] Omitted by Rowe.

Still music. Enter a person representing HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her[164] hand with his
Whose heart within her[165] bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.—[*To Duke S.*
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in shape, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then,—my love adieu![166]

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—[*To Duke S.*
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [*To Orlando.*
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To Phebe.*

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:—
[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*
You and you are heart in heart:—
[*To Oliver and Celia.*

[164] *her*] The folio has "his."—Corrected in the third folio.
[165] *her*] So Malone.—The old eds. have "his."

[166] Duke S. *If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.*
Orl. *If there be truth in shape, you are my Rosalind.*
Phe. *If sight and shape be true,*
Why, then,—my love adieu!]

The folio makes Orlando say, "*If there be truth in* sight, *you are my Rosalind;*" which the speech of Phebe proves to be wrong: see Johnson's note *ad l.*, and Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 306. (The word "sight" was evidently repeated by mistake from the preceding line.)

You to his love must accord, [*To Phebe.*
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are sure together,
[*To Touchstone and Audrey.*
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessèd bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honourèd:
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter-welcome, in no less degree![167]
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [*To Silvius.*

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Roland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;

(167) *Even daughter-welcome, in no less degree!*] When Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 64) remarked, "Folio, p. 206, col. 2, 'Euen daughter welcome, in no,' &c. Read therefore

'Even daughter-welcome, in no less degree;'

as welcome as a daughter,"—he was not aware that Theobald had so exhibited the line.

Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them[168] again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returnèd fortune,
According to the measure of their states.[169]
Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—
Play, music!—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You [*to Duke S.*] to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:—
You [*to Orlando*] to a love that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to Oliver*] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to Silvius*] to a long and well-deservèd bed:—

[168] *them*] The folio has "him."

[169] *states.*] Here Mr. Grant White prints "'states," that is, he says, "estates," and adds that "Mr. Dyce would read '*states*,' *i.e.* 'conditions.'"—I certainly do read "*states*," but as certainly I understand that reading to mean "estates." Can Mr. Grant White for a moment suppose that when Theobald, Hanmer, Capell, Malone, Staunton, &c., printed (and rightly), as I do, "states" without a mark of elision, they understood it to mean "conditions"

And you [*to Touchstone*] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women,[170] for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them), that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

([170]) *I charge you, O women,* &c.] A very doubtful passage,—perhaps both corrupted and mutilated. Warburton reflects it thus; "*I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as* pleases them: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive,* &c.), to like as much as pleases them, *that between you and the women the play may please.*" I forbear to swell this note with what other critics have written on the passage.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.*—The date of its composition is uncertain. Malone, who once thought that it was written in 1606, finally assigned it to the year 1596, observing; "It must not be concealed, however, that *The Taming of the Shrew* is not enumerated among our author's plays by Meres in 1598; a circumstance which yet is not sufficient to prove that it was not then written; for neither are *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth* mentioned by him, though those plays had undoubtedly appeared before that year." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 343. Mr. Collier, on no very substantial grounds, conjectures that it was written "not very long" after 1601. *Introd. to the Taming of the Shrew.*—This comedy,—the Induction not excepted,—is a *rifacimento* of an earlier anonymous play, first printed in 1594, *A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The Taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembrook his seruants.*

* It appears from an entry in the Stationers' Registers, dated 19th November 1607, that Nicholas Ling transferred his interest in the anonymous play of *The Taming of a Shrew* to John Smethwick; who, observes Mr. Halliwell, "as far as is at present known, never republished the older comedy; and it is by no means impossible that in 1607 he had become the proprietor of Shakespeare's comedy [*The Taming of the Shrew*], and considered it advisable to purchase Ling's right in the other work, the similarity of title obviously rendering it in some degree a rival publication. In support of this opinion it is to be remarked that *The Taming of the Shrew* is not included in the list of 'so many of' Shakespeare's plays belonging to Blount and Jaggard in 1623 'as are not entered to other men;' that Smethwick was one of the proprietors of the first folio; and that he was also the publisher of the quarto edition of Shakespeare's comedy, which appeared in 1631 under the following title,—*A wittie and pleasant Comedy called The Taming of the Shrew*," &c. *Introd. to the Taming of the Shrew.* But Mr. Collier maintains that the quarto of the present play (see vol. i. p. 176 of this work) was printed many years before its publication,—perhaps as early as 1607, but was suppressed, we know not why, till "some copies of it, remaining in the hands of Smithwicke the stationer, were issued in 1631," with a new title-page. See Mr. Collier's *Introd. to the Taming of the Shrew* in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, where he discusses this point at considerable length: but whether, as he asserts, the editors of the folio of 1623 printed *The Taming of the Shrew* from the quarto, or whether, as others have believed, the quarto was printed from that folio, is, after all, a matter of not the slightest importance.

[When this note was printed, the Third Volume of *The Cambridge Shakespeare* had not been published; and I therefore could not avail myself of the following piece of information (interesting only to a few bibliographers) which is contained in the Preface to it: "From a minute comparison of this Quarto edition [of *The Taming of the Shrew*, 1631] with the First Folio, extending to points which are necessarily left unrecorded in our notes, we have come to the conclusion that the Quarto was printed from the Folio. It is necessary to mention this, because Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his Shakespeare, maintains that the Quarto was printed long before 1623, perhaps as early as 1607 or 1609; that its publication 'had been in some way "stayed" by the intervention of the author, on behalf of himself and the company to which he belonged; and that, having in consequence been laid aside for a number of years, some copies of it, remaining in the hands of Smithwicke the stationer, were issued in 1631, as if it had been then first published.' Mr. Collier also conjectures that the title-page was 'struck off long subsequent to the printing of the body of the comedy to which it is attached.' *That this could not have been the case appears from an examination of Capell's copy, the only one known to us which has the title-page*

But the earlier play, the author of which has been vainly guessed at,* contains nothing similar to the incident of the Pedant personating Vincentio; and for that part of the plot Shakespeare was indebted to the *Supposes* of Gascoigne,—a free translation of *I Suppositi* of Ariosto. (The first edition of *The Taming of a Shrew* was reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1844.)—1863. Mr. Grant White is of opinion that "in *The Taming of the Shrew* three hands at least are traceable; that of the author of the old play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a co-labourer. The first appears in the structure of the plot, and in the incidents and the dialogue of most of the minor scenes; to the last must be assigned the greater part of the love-business between Bianca and her two suitors; while to Shakespeare belong the strong clear characterization, the delicious humour, and the rich verbal colouring of the recast Induction, and all the scenes in which Katharina and Petruchio and Grumio are the prominent figures, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there, and removing others elsewhere, throughout the rest of the play." *Introd. to the Taming of the Shrew.*

perfect. In this the title forms part of the first quire, and has not been inserted. The paper on which it is printed is the same as that used for the rest of the play, the wire-marks corresponding throughout. The passages from the Quarto and Folio which Mr. Collier quotes in support of his theory seem to us to make strongly against it."]

* See my *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*, pp. li.-lii.,—*Works*, ed. 1858.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants. } Persons in the Induction.

BAPTISTA, a gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, a merchant of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio.
PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona.
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } suitors to Bianca.
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } servants to Lucentio.
GRUMIO,* CURTIS, &c. } servants to Petruchio.
Pedant.

KATHARINA, BIANCA, } daughters to Baptista.
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants.

SCENE—*Sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's house in the country.*

* "Is apparently a misreading of *Grumio* in the old Timon [an anonymous play, printed from a Ms. for the Shakespeare Society]." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 31.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an alehouse on a heath.*

Enter Hostess *and* SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the Chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *pocas palabras;* let the world slide: sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy,—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.(1)*

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough. [*Exit.*

(1) *Go by, Jeronimy,—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] The folio has "*go by* S. *Ieronimie*," &c.; and in my former edition I printed (and perhaps rightly) "*Go by*, Saint *Jeronimy*," &c., observing that "Sly here alludes to the well-known and much-ridiculed lines of *The Spanish Tragedy*, and at the same time confounds *Jeronimo* with *Saint Jerome*." (Mr. Collier, in his new ed. of *Shakespeare* remarks; "The Rev. Mr. Dyce's notion that Sly was well acquainted with Saint Jerome is not happy." But I merely supposed that Sly might have heard the name of Saint Jerome,—not that he was as "well acquainted" with the works of that father as Mr. Collier is.)

* *Go by, Jeronimy,—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] "There is a fustian old play called *The Spanish Tragedy*, which, I find, was the common butt of raillery to all the poets of Shakespeare's time; and a passage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorously alluded to. Hieronimo applies to the King for justice on the murderers

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough,[2] I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [*Lies down on the ground and falls asleep.*

Horns winded. Enter a Lord *from hunting, with* Huntsmen *and* Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Trash Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd;

of his son; but Lorenzo, one of the murderers, interferes to hinder him from an audience;

> '*Hiero.* Justice, O justice to Hieronimo!
> *Lor.* Back! seest thou not the king is busy?
> *Hiero.* O, is he so?
> *King.* Who is he that interrupts our business?
> *Hiero.* Not I:—*Hieronimo*, beware; *go by, go by.*'"
>
> THEOBALD (his note altered).

The Spanish Tragedy (of which the earliest edition known is dated 1599) was written by Thomas Kyd, and, with all its bombast and extravagance, shows that the author possessed no ordinary powers as a dramatist: see the Memoir of Shakespeare prefixed to the present work, p. 66. Partly in consequence of its great popularity, our early playwrights were never tired of ridiculing it; and sometimes, as Shakespeare does here, they put portions of it into the mouths of their lowest characters: so Heywood, in his *Fair Maid of the West*, makes Clem say,

> "*It is not now as when Andrea liv'd,*

or rather Andrew our elder journeyman: what, drawers become courtiers? now may I speake with the old ghost in Ieronimo,

> *When this eternall substance of my soule*
> *Did live imprisoned in this wanton flesh,*
> *I was a courtier in the court of Fesse.*"
>
> *First Part*, p. 57, ed. 1631.

(In Clem's second quotation the original has "in *my* wanton flesh," and "I was a courtier in the *Spanish court.*")—The words "*go to thy cold bed, and warm thee*" have been erroneously described as parodying a line in *The Spanish Tragedy*: see note on *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4, where they are spoken by Edgar.—*The Spanish Tragedy* (as well as the drama entitled *Jeronimo*, which forms the First Part of it) may be found (reprinted with villanous incorrectness) in Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

(2) . . . *I must go fetch the thirdborough.*
Sly. *Third, or fourth, or fifth borough,*]

The old eds. have "——*fetch the* head*borough*:"—which the next speech distinctly shows to be wrong. (Mr. Collier *ad l.* says that the modern editors have needlessly substituted "*thirdborough*, under the notion that it made Sly's answer *more apposite*." But, with the old reading, is Sly's answer *apposite at all?*)

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.(3)
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

(3) *Trash Merriman,—the poor cur is embost'd;*
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.]

The folio has "Brach *Meriman*," &c.—Mr. Collier (note on the Preface to the sec. ed. of his *Shakespeare*, p. xxxiv.) writes thus; "We have a specimen of the mode in which the Rev. Mr. Dyce would improve the text of Shakespeare in the opening of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' where he declares in favour of '*Trash* Merriman' instead of 'Brach Merriman.' To *trash* a dog was unquestionably to put a rope, strap, or clog upon him, and the object of it was to prevent his hunting too fast, and outstripping the other hounds; but here nothing of the sort could be intended for two very obvious reasons, though they do not appear to have occurred to Mr. Dyce; viz. first, that the Lord was at this time *returning from the chase*, and next, that 'Brach Merriman, the poor cur, was embossed,' *i.e.* foaming at the mouth from over-fatigue. The hunt for the day was done, and Merriman could therefore not need restraining; still less because the 'poor cur' was already exhausted: his weariness trashed him quite sufficiently. In his satisfaction at the supposed emendation, Mr. Dyce has quite forgotten to attend to the context." That "Brach" in the first line is a misprint (occasioned most probably by the recurrence of the word in the next line) admits of no doubt; for the sentence is imperfect,—the Lord bidding his huntsman "couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach," *and yet not telling him what is to be done to "poor" Merriman.* Hanmer printed "Leech *Merriman;*" Johnson proposed "Bathe *Merriman;*" and the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for August 1844, p. 125) conjectured "Breathe *Merriman.*" None of these emendations can be right: and, notwithstanding the contempt with which Mr. Collier regards it, I continue to think that "*Trash Merriman*" is the genuine lection. As Clowder was to be *coupled* with the deep-mouthed brach, so Merriman was to be *trashed*, to prevent his running about and sniffing on his way home, which high-spirited dogs will do, even when greatly fatigued.—I communicated my conjecture "*Trash*" to Mr. Singer, who has adopted it in his new ed. of *Shakespeare* (but without mentioning that he owed it to me).

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Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!—
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,—
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatttering dream or worthless fancy.[4]
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distillèd waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:[5]
Procure me music ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, "What is it your honour will command?"
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, "Will't please your lordship cool your hands?"
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;

[4] *Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom asks, "Does not this belong to the *Sec. Hun.?*"

[5] *And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 291), after citing this line to point out the repetition of the word "*sweet*," adds that it "may possibly be right,"—which I have little doubt it is.

And when he says he is —, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.(6)
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[*Sly is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—[*Exit Servant.*
Belike some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

(6) *Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;*
And when he says he is —, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.]

I now believe that the modern insertion of the dash in the second line is right: "*when he says he is —*," *i.e.* when he says he is such and such a person, when he tells his name (which, of course, the Lord does not know).—Rowe prints "*And when he says he is* poor, *say that*," &c.: Johnson would insert "Sly:" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (violently throwing out the initial word) reads "*When he says* what *he is, say that*," &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom thinks that after

"Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,"

a line has dropped out,—a line about Sly's *fancying himself to be a mere beggar;* and that "when he says *he is*," alludes to the *fancy* mentioned in the lost line (which if it began, as it probably did, with "And," might easily have escaped the transcriber or compositor).—Mr. Grant White gives the line without the dash, explaining it to mean "And when, on your telling him that he *hath been* crazy, he says that he *is*, say that he dreams:" but the different tenses, "*hath been*" and "*is*," are quite opposed to such an interpretation.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
Sec. Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.
Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fit, and naturally perform'd.[7]
First Play.[8] I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.
Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play,—
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for, I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.
First Play. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page, [*To another Servant.*
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him madam, do him all[9] obeisance.
Tell him from me,—as he will win my love,—
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplished:

(7) *Was aptly fit, and naturally perform'd.*] The old eds. have "*Was aptly* fitted, *and*," &c.—But, as Walker observes (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 294), "the metre requires us to read '*fit*,'" whether we consider it as the past participle of the verb to *fit* or not.

(8) First Play.] The folio has "*Sincklo*,"—the name of an actor in the same company with Shakespeare: he no doubt performed this part.

(9) *all*] Added by Pope.

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;
And say, "What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?"
And then,—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years [10] hath esteemèd him [11]
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the [12] over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

([10]) *Who for this seven years*] Was altered by Theobald to "*Who for* twice *seven years*,"—that the present passage might agree with what is afterwards said of Sly's supposed lunacy: but the term afterwards spoken of is *fifteen* years.

([11]) *him*] Means here "himself,"—to which, indeed, it was altered by Rowe.

([12]) *the*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "their,"—and rightly perhaps.

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the* Lord's *house.*

SLY *is discovered in a rich nightgown, with* Attendants; *some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* Lord, *dressed like a servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

Sec. Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet,—nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here's—

First Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Sec. Serv. O, this it is[13] that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

[13] *it is*] The old eds. have "is it."

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty cagèd nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathèd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguilèd and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—[14]
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Sec. Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands? [*Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wits[15] restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

First Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,[16]
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.[17]

(14) *Christophero Sly.*—] Here the folio has "Christopher *Sly.*"—Corrected in the second folio. (Compare, at p. 106, "I am *Christophero* Sly.")

(15) *wits*] The folio has "wit."—Corrected in the third folio.

(16) *of Greece,*] Hanmer printed "o' th' Green."

(17) *I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.*] Something is evidently omitted before this speech. Pope attempted to supply the deficiency by

Enter the Page *as a lady, with* Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband? My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband; I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife,[18] they say that I have dream'd, And slept about[19] some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.— Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you To pardon me yet for a night or two; Or, if not so, until the sun be set: For your physicians have expressly charg'd, In peril t' incur your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed: I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

inserting a small portion of the corresponding dialogue from the old *Taming of a Shrew*, where Sly desires the Lord (disguised as a servant) to "fill the pot:" and it certainly would seem that in the present speech Sly is returning thanks for the liquor.

(18) *Madam wife,*] "*Qu.* 'Madam, *my* wife'? He hesitates between the two modes of address, *madam*, and *my wife*, and jumbles both together." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 261.

(19) *about*] So the third folio.—The folio has "aboue."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 261) silently reads "away."

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol or a tumbling-trick?[20]

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't.—[21]
Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Padua. A public place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,

(20) *Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol or a tumbling-trick?*] *i.e.* Marry, I will *hear it* (see the preceding speech).—In the folio the passage stands "Marrie I will let them play, it is not [fourth folio "is it not"] a Comontie," &c.

(21) *Well, we'll see't,* &c.] "Read and arrange:

'Well, *well,* we'll see't, *we'll see't.* Come, madam wife;
[*Sings*] Sit by my side,
And let the world *slide;*
We shall ne'er be younger.'

It is strange that Knight, who suspected the above to be 'a portion of an old song,' did not conjecture '*slide;*' while Collier's Corrector, who conjectured '*slide,*' was so far from sharing Knight's suspicion, that he introduced an awkward transposition into the text." W. N. LETTSOM.

I am arriv'd in[22] fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renownèd for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Lucentio his son, brought up in Florence,[23]
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.[24]
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;

[22] *in*] So Heath.—The folio has "for,"—an error occasioned by the "for" in the first line of the speech.

[23] *Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.*
Lucentio his son, brought up in Florence,]

So Hanmer (and see Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 65).—The folio has

"*Vincentio's come of the Bentiuolij,*
Vincentio's *sonne*, brough *vp in Florence.*"

[24] *To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 289) regards "*sweet*" as an error.

Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,(25)
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello now were come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;(26)
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:

(25) *Aristotle's ethics,*] Blackstone's emendation (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*Aristotle's* checkes."

(26) *Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.*
If Biondello now were come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;]

In the second line I adopt the emendation of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, as unquestionably the genuine reading.—The folio has

"*If Biondello* thou wert *come ashore,*"—

than which apostrophe to the absent Biondello nothing can be more ridiculous (presently, when he makes his appearance, p. 118, his master says, "Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?"). The "thou" was evidently an error occasioned by what precedes; and, that error once committed, the additional error "wert" was a matter of course.—1863. Yet Mr. Collier, who in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* has introduced changes by his Corrector which will make the hair (or wigs) of all future editors stand on end, is here suddenly seized with groundless scruples, and "objects to alter the text always imputed to Shakespeare."

If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. [*to Bap.*] I pray you, sir, is it your will[27]
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mood.[28]
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
[illegible]int your face, and use you like a fool.
[illegible]. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!
[illegible]. And me too, good Lord!
[illegible]. [*aside to Luc.*] Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
[illegible]ench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
[illegible]. [*aside to Tra.*] But in the other's silence do I see
[illegible] mild behaviour and sobriety.
[illegible]Tranio!
Tra. [*aside to Luc.*] Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty peat! it is best—
Put finger in the eye,* and she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

[27]) *is it your will*] Hanmer prints "*is it your will* and pleasure;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*is it your* gracious *will*."
[28]) *mood.*] So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "mould."
* *Put finger in the eye*, &c.] A quotation from some song, or ballad, or nursery rhyme.

My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. [*aside to Tra.*] Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Content ye, gentlemen;[29] I am resolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca:— [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—
Or Signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up:
And so, farewell.—Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha!

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.—Our love[30] is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may

(29) *Content ye, gentlemen;*] So Hanmer.—The old eds. have "Gentlemen, content ye."

(30) *Our love*] So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "Their [or "There"] love."

yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio; though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca! —Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on. [*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But, see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found th' effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, naught remains but so,—
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.**

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,(31)
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure(32) the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits(33) t' achieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;

* *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*] From Terence;

"Quid agas? nisi ut te redimas *captum quam queas Minimo.*" *Eun.* i. 1. 29.

But the poet gave the passage as he found it in Lily's *Grammar.*

(31) *Such as the daughter of Agenor had,*] Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, gives

"*Such as the daughter of* Agenor's race,"

on the authority of his Ms. Corrector! Now it is plain that when Mr. Collier adopted this abominable alteration,—by which, for the sake of a rhyme, the sense is destroyed, and the grammar violated,—he had not taken the trouble to consult his *Classical Dictionary*: if he had, he would have learned that the lady in question, EUROPA, was really, as described in the old copies of the play, "THE DAUGHTER OF AGENOR;" and, on ascertaining that fact, he must have rejected the substituted reading, "*the daughter of* Agenor's race," because,—even supposing it to mean anything at all,—it is certainly no description of *Agenor's daughter.*

(32) *endure*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 65) proposes "dure."

(33) *wits*] Altered by Rowe to "wit,"—and rightly perhaps.

And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because he[34] will not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters t' instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.[35]
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, sir, sithence[36] it your pleasure is,

[34] *he*] The old eds. have "she."—Corrected by Mr. Singer.
[35] *Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.*] So Capell.—The old eds. have "—— *or* meaner *man of Pisa*."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 56) compares the stage-direction in act ii. sc. 1, "*Lucentio in habit of a mean man.*"
[36] *sithence*] The old eds. have "sith." (Compare "*Sithence*, in the sense of since, it concerns you something to know it." *All's Well*, act v. sc. 3.)

And I am tied to be obedient,—
For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense,—
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.—
Here comes the rogue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. Ay, sir.—[*Aside*] Ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So would[37] I, faith, boy, to have the next wish aft
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I advis
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your[38] master Lucentio

(37) *would*] So the third folio.—The earlier
(38) *your*] Corrected in the second folio.—T

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute,—
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

First Serv. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done!*

SCENE II. *The same. Before* HORTENSIO'S *house.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona for awhile I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.[39]

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.
[*Wrings Grumio by the ears; who falls.*

Gru. Help, masters,[40] help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

[39] *knock, I say.*] "Qu. 'knock,—*knock,* I say'?" W. N. LETTSOM.
[40] *masters,*] The old eds. have "mistris."

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.*—
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. [*rising*] Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not[41] a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty,—a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate!—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—"Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly"? And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,[42]
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

(41) *he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not*] Tyrwhitt would read "*he leges in Latin, if this be not,*" &c.,—very ingeniously. But I believe that the old text is right,—that Shakespeare here makes Grumio, though an Italian, mistake his native language for Latin,—"the Italians," as Steevens observes, "necessarily speaking English throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial sentences."

(42) *Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,*] *i.e.* Why, this *is* a heavy, &c.—Here the old eds. have merely "*this:*" but in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1, the folio has "*this'*" as the contraction of "this is." (Mr. Collier wrongly points the line, "Why this? a heavy," &c.)—So I wrote before the appearance of Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., where (p. 81) the same alteration is made in the present passage.

Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I, then, come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,—
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,—
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me,—were she as rough[43]
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;

([43]) *were she as rough*] The folio has "*were she* is *as rough.*"

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault—and that is faults enough—
Is, that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father' name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceasèd father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more,[44]
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,—
For those defects I have before rehears'd,—

([44]) *from me, and other more,*] So Thirlby.—The folio has "*from me. Other more.*"

That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Gru. [*aside*] Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter GREMIO; *and* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! 'tis the rival of my love.—
Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous! [*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir;[45] I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—take your papers[46] too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron,—stand you so assur'd,—
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

(45) *Hark you, sir;*] Hanmer omits "*sir;*" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 66) would omit "*you.*"

(46) *papers*] So Pope.—The old eds. have "paper."

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum!—[*Coming forward*] God save you, Signior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I'm going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:[47]
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me[48] to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. [*aside*] And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me; and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, sayest me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's[49] son:

(47) *for fair Bianca:*] "The old copy redundantly reads 'for *the* fair Bianca.'" STEEVENS. (Compare, in the next speech, "To *fair Bianca;*" and, at p. 126, "may *fair Bianca* have.")

(48) *me*] The old eds. have "one."

(49) *Antonio's*] The old eds. have "Butonios."

ne lives for me;
ys and long to see.
life, with such a wife, wer
a stomach, to't, o' God's name:
ave me assisting you in all.
woo this wild-cat?
Will I live?
] Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
hy came I hither but to that intent?
k an a little din can daunt mine ears?
e I not in my time heard lions roar?
e I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
e like an angry boar chafèd with sweat?
ve I not heard great ordnance in the field,
d heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
I not in a pitchèd battle heard
larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
o you tell me of a woman's tongue;
ives not half so great a blow to th' ear (51)
a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
ush! fear boys with bugs.
[*aside*] For he fears none.
Hortensio, hark:
entleman is happily arriv'd,
d presumes, for his own good and ours.(52)
promis'd we would be contributors,
is charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
d so we will,—provided that he win her.
ide] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

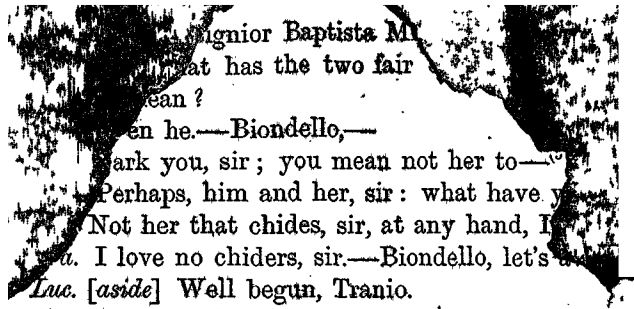
nter TRANIO *bravely apparelled, and* BIONDELLO.

entlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
beseech you, which is the readiest way

such a life, with such a wife, were strange!] Walker (*Crit.* l. i. p. 89) would read "—— *such life,*" &c.: but, if the st be shortened, I should prefer either the omission of "*sir*" nmer, or of "*O*" with Capell.

th' ear] The old eds. have "to *heare.*"—Corrected by War-

rs.] The old eds. have "yours."—Corrected by Thirlby.



ignior Baptista M
at has the two fair
ean?
n he.—Biondello,—
ark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have y
Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I
a. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's

Luc. [*aside*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, what,[55] this gentleman will o
all!

(53) Gre. The old eds. have "Bion."

(54) *her to*—] "I believe an abrupt sentence was perhaps Shakespeare might have written 'her to *woo*.' however, will not complete the metre." MALONE. I believe poet did not leave the line incomplete, and that its final w "woo."

(55) *What, what,*] The second "*what*" was added by Capell.

[illegible] : I know he'll prove a jade.
[illegible] what end are all these words?
[illegible] so bold as ask you this,[56]
[illegible] Baptista's daughter?
[illegible] I do that he hath two;
The [illegible] olding tongue
As [illegible] us modesty.
P[illegible] for me; let her go by.
G[illegible] labour to great Hercules;
And [illegible] Alcides' twelve.
Pe[illegible] this of me, in sooth:
The [illegible] daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her [illegible] access of suitors;
And [illegible] any man
Until [illegible] sister first be wed:
The you[illegible] then is free, and not before.
Tra. [illegible] you are the man
Must st[illegible] me amongst the rest;
And if [illegible] do this feat,[57]
Achi[illegible] younger free
[illegible] hall be to have her
[illegible] ingrate.
[illegible] well you do conceive;
[illegible] a suitor,
[illegible] this gentleman,
[illegible] beholding.
[illegible] : in sign whereof,
[illegible] this afternoon,
[illegible] carouses to our mistress' health;
[illegible] adversaries do in law,—
[illegible] but eat and drink as friends.

[illegible] *you this,*] Capell added "*this.*"—The second folio has "*as* [illegible]

[illegible] So Rowe and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. [illegible]

[illegible] *i.e.* wear out, pass away, spend (Lat. *contero*).—But [illegible] reads "*convive;*" Walker, in two places of the *Crit. Exam.*, [illegible] p. 164, vol. iii. p. 67), approves of that alteration; and both [illegible] and Mr. W. N. Lettsom have urged in its defence, that, if Shake[illegible] had written "*contrive,*" he would necessarily have written, in the next line, "Quitting *carouses,*" &c.

Gru., Bion.[59] O excellent motion! Fe

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and b
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Padua. A room in* BAPT

Enter KATHARINA, *and* BIANCA *with he*

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me
That I disdain: but for these other
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoa
Or, what you will command me, wi
So well I know my duty to my elde

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I c
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou di

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all m
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any

Kath. Minion, thou liest: is't not

Bian. If you affect him, sister, he
I'll plead for you myself, but you sh

Kath. O, then, belike you fancy r
You will have Gremio to keep you fa

Bian. Is it for him you do envy m
Nay, then, you jest; and now I well
You have but jested with me all this
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands

Kath. If that be jest, then all the r

(59) Gru., Bion.] In this speech (or rat
Malone, "'*Fellows*' means *fellow-servants.*
address each other, and also the disguised
gives only the prefix "*Gru.*"—Ritson queries
(60) *gauds,*] The old eds. have "goods."
(61) *thee,*] Added in the second folio.
(62) *all men*] The o eds. have "*all* the

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after Bianca.*

Bap. [*holding her back*] What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit Bianca.*

Kath. Will you not[63] suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,

(63) *Will you not*] The old eds. have "What *will you not*,"—the "What" (as Malone observes) being repeated by mistake from the preceding line.

Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine, [*Presenting Horter*
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
T' instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sak
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I knew[64] him well: you're welcome for his sa

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be d

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooin
Neighbour,[65] this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.
express the like kindness myself, that have been more ki
beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you[66]
young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been l
studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and o
languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his n
is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

(64) *knew*] The old eds. have "know." But compare, p. 122, "[Baptista] knew my deceased father well;" and, p. 132, "You [Bapt knew my father well."

(65) *Neighbour,*] The old eds. have "neighbors."

(66) *I freely give unto you*] The folio omits "*I*" and "*you.*"

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.—Welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir [*to Tranio*], methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet[67] of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name[68]—of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you're very welcome, sir.—
Take you [*to Hor.*] the lute, and you [*to Luc.*] the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.—
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and tell them both,[69]
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and Biondello.*

[67] *packet*] "Perhaps '*pack.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 67.

[68] *Lucentio is your name*] "How should Baptista know this? Perhaps a line is lost, or perhaps our author was negligent," &c. MALONE.

[69] *To my two daughters; and tell them both,*] The folio omits "*two.*"—The second folio has "*To my two daughters, and* then *tell them both.*" But that "*daughter*" is sometimes a trisyllable has been shown by Walker, who observes on the present passage, "I suspect that we should read 'To my *two* daughters;' which, I think, would be to the improvement of the sense likewise." *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 207.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.*
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

* *every day I cannot come to woo.*] A proverbial expression found in ballads and elsewhere.

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume with them:"
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazèd for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had[70] studied to misuse me so.
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O how I long to have some chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:[71]
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.*
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why, then, I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:

[70] *she had*] The old eds. have "had she" (which Dr. Badham pronounces to be "the far more grammatical reading." *Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 275).

[71] *discomfited:*] "Qu. '*discomfit*'? See Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., Art. cxx. So '*confiscate*' for '*confiscated*;' and in this play, act iv. sc. 1, 'I pray you, husband, be not so *disquiet*.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates,—and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.[72]

(72) Kath. *Asses are made to bear, and so are you.*
Pet. *Women are made to bear, and so are you.*
Kath. *No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.*]

The folio gives the last line thus;

"*No such Iade as you, if me you meane,*"

a word ("*bear,*" as I think the preceding speeches show) having dropped out.—The editor of the second folio completed the verse by inserting "sir" at random;

"*No such Iade,* sir, *as you, if me you meane.*"—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*No such jade* to *bear you, if,*" &c.—

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be! should buzz![73]
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
Kath. Ay, for a turtle,—as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 47) says that the printer of the first folio "found in the Ms. *loade*, and misread it *Iade;*" and that the line "undoubtedly should stand thus;

'*No such* load *as you*, sir, *if me you mean:*'"—

against which reading I have to object,—1. Its violence; one word being altered, and another inserted. 2. The great improbability, *considering the context*, that there should be any corruption in the word "*jade.*" 3. That "*No such* load *as you*, sir," *does not well suit with the rest of the line*,—"*if* ME *you mean.*"—1863. I now find that Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 279) recommends the reading which I have given.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 67) queries "No such *a* jade," &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom's remarks on the line are as follows; "I see no difficulty but a metrical one in the first folio reading. Petruchio tells Katharine that she is made to bear. Katharine retorts, 'If you mean to say that I am made to bear, I tell you that I am not made to bear such a tiresome blockhead as you.' Compare Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, act ii. sc. 1;

'a poor *jade*
Loaden will take a stream, and stem it strongly,
To leap a mare:'

and Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*, act ii. sc. 2;

'To entertain our gentle sister Sinon,
And give her credit, while the wooden *jade*
Petruchio stole upon us'

(This was perhaps suggested by the passage now in question): and Munday and Chettle's *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, act ii. sc. 1;

'*Salisbury.* Further, my lord—
King. What, shall we further wade?
I fear I shall be tired with this *jade.*'

(Afterwards the King speaks of Salisbury as an 'old fool'). Perhaps we should read '*Not* such *a* jade,' &c. (partly with Walker), or '*But* no such jade,' &c."

(73) *Should be! should buzz!*] Here a quibble was evidently intended,—"Should *bee*, should *buzz!*"

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it[74] where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman. [*Detaining her.*

Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

(74) *it*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "out."

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.(75)

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.(76)

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,—
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate(77)

(75) *keep'st command.*] Hanmer prints "keepest, those *command.*"

(76) *Yes; keep you warm.*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*Yes;* wise to *keep you warm.*"

(77) *And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate,* &c.] The second folio has "*a wild* Kat."—"It is probable," says Mr. Collier, "that a joke was here intended," &c. (Probable!).—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 67) remarks; "I would read, with the moderns, 'And bring you from a wild *cat* to a Kate,' &c.;" to which his editor (Mr. W. N. Lettsom) subjoins; "The more modern moderns have restored '*Kate,*' and have thus concealed the play upon the words; yet they have shut their ears to Katharine herself, who says in the first folio 'They call me *Katerine*

Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with
My daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You've show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we've greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our pact![78]
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

that do talke of me.' No doubt our ancestors pronounced *Katharine* and *Kate*, *Katterine* and *Kat*, and made but a slight difference between *cat* and *cate*."—But if we read "cat" in this line, must we not read "*household* cats" in the next?

[78] *pact!*] So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "part."

How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre., Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday.*

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*

Gre. 'Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in[79] the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have lookèd for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

* *we will be married o' Sunday.*] Most probably a quotation from some old ballad. At the end of *Ralph Roister Doister*, 1566, one of "Certaine Songs to be song by those which shall use this Comedie or Enterlude," begins thus;

"I mun be married a Sunday,
I mun be maried a Sunday,
Who soever shall come that way,
I mun be maried a Sunday." p. 87, ed. 1818.

(79) *in*] The old eds. have "me."

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have Bianca's love.—[80]
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras-counterpoints,[81]
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework;
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls;
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
Tra. That "only" came well in.—Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

(80) *Shall have Bianca's love.*—] The folio has "*Shall haue* my *Biancas loue,*"—the transcriber or printer having been led into the mistake by the "*my*" just above.—Corrected in the second folio.

(81) *In cypress chests my arras-counterpoints,*] Here a comma is generally inserted between "*arras*" and "*counterpoints,*"—very improperly, for "*arras-counterpoints*" are "counterpoints (counterpanes) made of arras." (Chapman, in his *Homer*, has "an *arras couerlid*," *Iliad*, B. xxiv. p. 338, ed. folio; and Peele, in his *Edward I.*, has "*arras-points*," *Works*, p. 390, ed. Dyce, 1861.)

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but[82] to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles'[83] road.—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all,—I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I'm thus resolv'd:—on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista.*
Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age

(82) *but*] So Warburton.—The folio has "not."
(83) *Marseilles'*] A trisyllable.—The old eds. have "Marcellus" and "Marsellis."

Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.(84)
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Padua. A room in* BAPTISTA'S *house.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is(85)

(84) *but in this case of wooing,*
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.]

Here, for the sake of a better rhyme, Steevens proposed altering "*cunning*" to "doing." Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, much less happily, substitutes (as Capell, too, suggests) "winning" for "*wooing.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 126) does not suspect any corruption here: he cites the couplet as an instance of a "species of rhyme which is very rare."

(85) *But, wrangling pedant, this is*] A cruelly-mutilated line.—Theobald printed

"She is a shrew; *but, wrangling pedant, this is;*"

Hanmer gave

"*But, wrangling pedant,* know *this* lady is;"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads

"Tut, *wrangling pedant,* I avouch *this is;*"

and Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures

"*But, wrangling pedant, this is* a Cecilia."

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 85) asks, "Qu. whether we shall not write and arrange;

The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To Bianca. Hortensio retires.*

Luc. That will be never:—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:— [*Reads.*

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.(86)

Luc. Hac ibat, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio, —*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

'But, wrangling pedant, this' [see note 42] the patroness
Of heavenly harmony: then give me leave
To have prerogative;
And when,' &c.?"

* *Hac ibat Simois*, &c.] Ovid,—*Epist. Her.*, Penelope Ulyssi, 33.

(86) *Construe them.*] So here, and presently after, the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "Conster them" and "Conster it."

Hor. [*coming forward*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's hear. [*Hortensio plays.*
O, fie! the treble jars.
Luc. Spit in the hole, man,
And tune again.
Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:—
Hac ibat Simois, I know you not,—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not,—*regia*, presume not,—*celsa senis*, despair not.
Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.—
[*Aside*] How fiery and forward is our pedant![87]
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.
Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc.[88] Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian.[89] I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters,[90] take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. [*to Lucentio*] You may go walk, and give me leave awhile
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. [*aside*] Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

(87) *is our pedant!*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "our Pedant is."—The old eds. give this line and the three next lines to "*Luc.*"
(88) Luc.] The old eds. have "*Bian.*"
(89) Bian.] The folio has "*Hort.*"—Corrected in the second folio.
(90) *masters,*] The old eds. have "master."

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*reads*]

"*Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection:
D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I:
E la mi, show pity, or I die."

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.(91)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

(91) *To change true rules for odd inventions.*] The folio has "*To* charge *true rules for* old *inuentions.*" The editor of the second folio altered "charge" to "*change*," and Theobald "old" to "*odd.*"—Rowe (in his sec. ed.) and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "*To change true rules for* new *inventions.*"

SCENE II. *The same. Before* BAPTISTA'S *house.*

Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and others, with* Attendants.

Bap. [*to Tranio*] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day[92]
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain'd[93] rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns;[94]
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

[92] *this is the 'pointed day*] Probably, as Walker suggests (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 84), the author wrote here "this' *the 'pointed day.*" See note 42.

[93] *mad-brain'd*] Here the old eds. have "*mad*-braine;" afterwards, p. 151, "*mad-brain'd.*"

[94] *Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns:*] This reading was introduced by me into the text before I was aware of what I now learn from a note of the Cambridge Editors,—that I had been anticipated in the correction by an anonymous conjecturer.—The folio has "*Make* friends, *inuite, and proclaime the banes.*"—The second folio, to perfect the metre, inserts "yes" after "*invite.*"—Malone gives "*Make* friends, *invite* them, *and proclaim,*" &c.—Mr. Grant White prints "*Make* friends invited, *and,*" &c. (which he thinks may mean "Cause friends to be invited, and," &c.).—Dr. Guest cites the present passage with the reading of the second folio, as if it were free from corruption: see his *Hist. of English Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 35.—With the correction now introduced compare "Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests," p. 139.

And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!"

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.[95]

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, and such old news as you never heard of![96]

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear[97] of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to[98] thine old news?

[95] *For such an injury would vex a saint,*
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.]
The folio has "—— *a* very *saint:*" see, on the word "*Very* interpolated," Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 268.—The "*thy*" in the next line is from the second folio.

[96] *Master, master! news, and such old news as you never heard of!*] The old eds. omit "*old;*" which I insert where Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector places it.—Rowe printed "*Master, master;* old news, *and such news as you never heard of.*"—Steevens observes that here the epithet "old" is "merely hyperbolical."—Mr. Staunton remarks that "by 'old news' the speaker obviously intends a reference to the '*old* jerkin,' '*old* breeches,' '*old* rusty sword,' &c. &c., which form part of Petruchio's grotesque equipment."

[97] *hear*] The folio has "heard."—Corrected in quarto 1631.

[98] *to*] Capell prints "be;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "is."

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed[99] in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before,[100] and with a half-cheeked bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and new-repaired[101] with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The Humour of Forty Fancies* pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

[99] *swayed*] The old eds. have "Waid."

[100] *ne'er-legged before,*] The spelling in the folio is "neere *leg'd before.*"—"*i.e.* foundered in his forefeet; having, as the jockeys term it, *never* a *fore leg* to stand on. The subsequent words, 'which, being restrained to keep him from *stumbling*,' seem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read '*near-legged* before;' but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horse." MALONE.—Mr. Grant White prints "near-*legged before;*" which he understands to mean "knock-kneed."

[101] *and new-repaired*] The old eds. have "*and* now *repaired.*"—See, "on *now* and *new* confounded," Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 214.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?
Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?
Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.
Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.
Bap. Why, that's all one.
Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,*
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO, *both of them meanly and fantastically dressed.*

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?[102]
Bap. You're welcome, sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.[103]
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?
Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

* *Nay, by Saint Jamy*, &c.] A portion, we can hardly doubt, of some ballad.

[102] *Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 144) says; "Perhaps,

'Come, *come*, where be these gallants? who's at home?'

Yet there seems no sufficient reason for the repetition, unless it be a touch of Petruchio's affected wilfulness."

[103] *Were it better, I should rush in thus.*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, vol. iii. p. 68) bids us "add an interrogation" to this line; which his editor (who would read "*Were it* not *better*," &c.) approves. But Petruchio seems to mean, "Were my apparel better than it is, I should yet rush in thus." (Hanmer prints "Why, *were it better*," &c.; Capell, "Tut, *were it better*," &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*Were it* much *better*," &c.)

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforcèd to disgress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss![104]

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see th' event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add[105]
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,

[104] *a lovely kiss!*] See note 60 on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

[105] *But to her love concerneth us to add*] The old eds. have "*But* sir, *Loue concerneth*," &c.—I adopt the reading of Mr. Grant White; who remarks, that the "sir" of the folio is probably a mistake for "*her*" (a remark which was also made to me by Mr. Robson, while the text of this play was at press, and before he knew what Mr. Grant White had written on the passage).

As I before imparted [106] to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promisèd.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio,—came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

[106] *As I before imparted*] The folio has "*As before imparted;*" the second folio, "*As* before I *imparted.*"

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tra. What said the wench when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: "A health!" quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:—
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, GRUMIO; *with* HORTENSIO *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.[107]
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse'.
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone till please myself:[108]
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—

[107] *Let me entreat you.*] Steevens supposes (with great probability) that at the end of this speech, as well as at the end of the next speech but one, the word "stay" has dropt out.

[108] *nor till please myself.*
. . . . . .
. . . . . *till please myself:*]

So the fourth folio in the first of these lines.—The other old eds. in the first of these lines have "not *till* I *please myselfe*," and in the second repeat the "I." But see *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 206, by Walker, who compares

"And may direct his course *as please himself.*"
King Richard III. act ii. sc. 2.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she's my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,[109]
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom want
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there want no junkets at the feast.—
Lucentio, you shall supply[110] the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

[109] *My household-stuff, my field, my barn,*] To this line Capell added "my stable."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 16) suggests the addition, "my grange."

[110] *Lucentio, you shall supply*] Here Pope omitted "*shall:*" but see note 2 on *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A hall in* PETRUCHIO'S *country house.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold.—Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself,[111] fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand—she

[111] *myself,*] Warburton substitutes "thyself," which is perhaps right; though Farmer thus ingeniously defends the old reading; "If Grumio calls *himself* a *beast*, and *Curtis fellow*, surely he calls *Curtis a beast* likewise," &c.

being now at hand—thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" * and as much news as thou wilt.[112]

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!—

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings,[113] and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This is[114] to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

* "*Jack, boy! ho, boy!*"] "Is the beginning of an old round in three parts [extant in Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609]." HAWKINS.

(112) *thou wilt.*] So quarto 1631.—The folio has "wilt thou."

(113) *their white stockings,*] So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "the *white stockings.*"—"I suspect 'the [—— in their] white stockings.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 69.

(114) *is*] The old eds. have "'tis."

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory,[115] which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop,[116] and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress!

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

[115] *of worthy memory,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 248) would read "worthy of *memory*;" but the old text gives the phraseology of the time.

[116] *Walter, Sugarsop,*] "Qu.," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 69), "'*Walter Sugarsop*'? I suspect, however, that '*Sugarsop*' is corrupt."

Enter NATHANIEL, PHILIP, JOSEPH, NICHOLAS, *and other* Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Gru. Welcome, you!—how now, you!—what, you!—fellow, you!—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door[117]
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

[117] *at the door*] The old eds. omit "*the*."—According to Malone, "'*Door*' is here, and in other places, used as a dissyllable." Dr. Guest (*Hist. of English Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 301) cites the old text as right. But Shakespeare sometimes writes "*at door*" (as in *The Sec. Part of King Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 4, "A dozen captains stay *at door* for you"), and sometimes "*at the door*" (as in the present play, p. 181, "here *at the door* to speak with him").

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt some of the Servants. Sings.*

Where is the life that late I led—*

Where are those—(118) Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants *with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when? [*Sings.*

It was the friar of orders grey,†
As he forth walkèd on his way:—

Out, out,(119) you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!—
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—[*Exit Servant.*
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

Enter a Servant *with a basin and ewer.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—

* *Where is the life that late I led—*] "A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere [in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*, act v. sc. 3] quotes the same line. In *A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inuentions*, London, 1578, 4to, is a song *To the tune of* 'Where is the life that late I led.'" RITSON.

(118) *Where are those—*] "These three words," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "seem part of the song, and were printed as such by some of the earlier editors." I certainly do not believe that this is a portion of the song. (Capell prints "*Where are those* villains?")

† *It was the friar of orders grey*, &c.] Is a scrap of another lost ballad.

(119) *Out, out,*] The second "*Out*" is Pope's addition.

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What's this? mutton?

First Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who bought it?

First Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c., at them.*
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another room in the same.*

Enter, severally, NATHANIEL, PETER, *and* GRUMIO.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her
In her own humour.

Enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.—
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these[120] kites
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeservèd fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend
That all is done in reverent care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.—
He that knows better how to tame a shrow,[121]
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

[120] *these*] Qy. "those"? But see note 72 on *Measure for Measure.*
[121] *shrow,*] Here the old eds. have "shrew." But see the last line but one of this play.

SCENE III. *Padua. Before* BAPTISTA'S *house.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca[122]
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you[123] in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

[*They retire.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none[124] in the world so well as Lucentio,—

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—[125]
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

[122] *Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 69) proposes to omit "*that.*"—Pope omits "*Mistress.*"

[123] *Sir, to satisfy you*] Perhaps "To satisfy you, sir," with Pope.

[124] *none*] So Rowe.—The old eds. have "me."—There can be little doubt that here Hortensio was intended to speak in verse: but the speech, as it now stands, consists of *such* verse as we may be sure could not have come from Shakespeare's pen.—1863. Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 20) thinks that this speech was originally prose:—I cannot agree with him.

[125] *O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!*—] "Perhaps,

'O
Despiteful love! unconstant womankind!'

But I suspect we should read 'O *spiteful* love!'" Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 270.

But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her[126] withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,
Never to marry wi' her though she'd entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn her![127]
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so, I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit Hortensio. Lucentio and Bianca advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessèd case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

(126) *her*] So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "them."
(127) *her!*] Added by Rowe.

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.[128]

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel[129] coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè,[130] or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.[131]

(128) *tame her.*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 70) proposes "*tame her* too;" which, in all probability, the poet wrote.

(129) *An ancient angel*] Was altered by Theobald to "*An ancient* engle:" but the original text is quite right. Cotgrave has "*Angelot à la grosse escaille. An old Angell;* and by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp,"—a quotation which I brought forward in my *Few Notes*, &c., p. 71, not knowing that it had been already adduced by Mr. Singer in his *Shakespeare*, 1826; where he observes that the "ancient angel" of our text is the "*good soul*" of Gascoigne's *Supposes*, from which this part of *The Taming of the Shrew* is taken.—Mr. Collier (who now, in the sec. edition of his *Shakespeare*, prints "*An ancient* ambler"—one of his Ms. Corrector's very worst "shots") remarks; "The notion of Mr. Dyce that 'ancient angel' means 'simply an old worthy,' savours a little too much of simplicity to merit serious advocacy, much less, refutation." Yet the "notion," which Mr. Collier treats with such ineffable contempt, has met with the full approbation of Mr. Staunton (who compares "This *ancient* morsel" in *The Tempest*, act ii. sc. 1) and of Mr. Grant White.

(130) *mercatantè,*] The old eds. have "Marcantant."

(131) *In gait and countenance surely like a father.*] Warburton's explanation is; "I know not what he is; however, this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man."—The second folio reads "—— surly *like a father;*" which Theobald supports by what Tranio says to the Pedant, p. 173;

> "'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
> With such *austerity as 'longeth to a father.*"

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?[132]
Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in[133] your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?
Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke—
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him—
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa renownèd for grave citizens.

(132) *Tranio?*] "Dele '*Tranio*,' as originating in the following '*Tra.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 70.
(133) *in*] The old eds. have "me."—Corrected by Theobald.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. [*aside*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir:—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir,[134] to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* PETRUCHIO'S *house.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

(134) *sir,*] Added in the second folio.

Upon entreaty have a present alms:
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.—
I prithee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric[135] a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then[136] I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without[137] the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

(135) *choleric*] "The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads 'phlegmatick.'" MALONE. "Though I have not displaced the oldest reading, that of the second folio may be right. It prevents the repetition of '*cholerick*,' and preserves its meaning," &c. STEEVENS.

(136) *then*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "that."

(137) *the mustard without*] Hanmer prints "*the mustard* e'en *without*;" Capell, "*the mustard* now *without*."

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I'm sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.—
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. [*aside to Hor.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
[*To Kath.*] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.*
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

* *With silken coats, ... and all this knavery.*] "These four lines," Mr. Collier observes, "read as if they were recited by Petruchio from some old ballad or poem."

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab.[138] Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. [*aside*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a[139] paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

(138) Hab.] The old eds. have "*Fel.*,"—"possibly," says Mr. Collier, "the beginning of the actor's name, not now known, or more likely the first letters of *Fellow*, a word commonly applied to players." The first of these suggestions is by far the most probable.

(139) *a*] Omitted in the folio.

Hor. [*aside*] I see she's like t' have neither cap nor gown.
Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.
Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,(140)
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown *is* made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.
Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru. Thou hast faced many things;—
Tai. I have.
Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave

(140) *O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, Thou thimble,*]

"We should only read

'O monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou thimble.'

He calls him afterwards 'a skein of *thread*.'" RITSON.

not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. [*reads*] "*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown:"—

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*reads*] "With a small compassed cape:"—

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*reads*] "With a trunk sleeve:"—

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*reads*] "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill.—I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [*aside to Hor.*] Hortensio, say thou'lt see the tailor paid.—
[*To Tai.*] Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*[141]
Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st[142] it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:

(141) [Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.] Mr. Collier remarks *ad l.*; "The *exit* of the Haberdasher is not mentioned in any edition. He had perhaps stood trembling by, after producing his cap:" and certainly, awkward as this may be, there is nothing in the dialogue of the scene which warrants our dismissing him sooner. (In the old *Taming of a Shrew*, though the *exit* of the Haberdasher is not marked, he is of course intended to quit the stage when, just before the Tailor enters with the gown, Ferando says,

"Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.")

(142) *account'st*] The old eds. have "accountedst."

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Padua. Before* BAPTISTA'S *house.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?
Ped. Ay, ay,[143] what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.[144]
Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.[145]
Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Tra. Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—
[*To the Pedant*] Sir,

[143] *Ay, ay,*] The old eds. have only "*I.*"
[144] *Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.*] Given to Tranio in the old eds.
[145] *as 'longeth to a father.*] "Qu. 'as *'longs t'* a father'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 70.

This is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,[146]—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing[147]
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made,[148] and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold[149] best
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

[146] *sir,*] Added in the second folio.

[147] *find most ready and most willing*] So the second folio.—The first folio has merely "*finde readie and willing.*"

[148] *fully made*] Hanmer inserted "*fully.*" (Steevens compares "Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not *fully made,*" p. 158.)

[149] *hold*] The folio has "knows;" an error which, we can hardly doubt, had its origin in the "*know*" at the end of the third line after this.—I adopt the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:[150]
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happenèd,—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc.[151] I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way? [*Lucentio retires.*
Welcome![152] one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

Bion. Cambio,—

Luc. What sayest thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but 'has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

[150] *sir:*] Added in the second folio.

[151] Luc.] The old eds. have "*Biond.*"

[152] *Welcome!* &c.] In some copies of the folio this "*Welcome*" looks like "We come," the impression of the *l* being scarcely visible: but in other copies the word is entire enough.—Here Capell prints

> "Come, sir; *one mess is like to be your cheer;*
> We'll *better it in Pisa:*"

concerning which alteration he writes thus nebulously in his *Notes*, &c., vol. ii. P. iv. p. 41; "At that line's head stands in all former copies the word *Welcome*, and what supply it in this copy are fetch'd from the line beneath: the word dismiss'd is impertinent, these proper; nor can both be retain'd without hurt to measure."

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him ?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then ?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this ?

Bion. I cannot tell, except, while they are busied about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:* to the church ;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient-honest witnesses :(153)

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello ?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:

(153) *I cannot tell, except, while they are busied about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance of her,* cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum : *to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient-honest witnesses.*] The folio has "*I cannot tell,* expect *they are busied,*" &c.—The editor of the second folio altered "expect" to "*except.*"—Capell inserted "*while;*" and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read and point the passage thus ; "I cannot tell, except, while they are busied about a counterfeit assurance, *you take* assurance of her (*cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*) to the church, *with* the priest, clerk, and some sufficient-honest witnesses." He remarks on it as follows ; "I take for granted that '*expect*' is corrupt, as nobody has given a tolerable explanation of it. Imperatives seem to be out of place here. Biondello is telling Lucentio what is to happen. The phrase '*I cannot tell, except*' appears to be a sort of assertion. Compare *Macbeth,* act i. sc. 2, '*Except* they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, &c., *I cannot tell,*' *i.e.* 'Surely, positively they meant,' &c. Here we might render the phrase, 'Why, of course, while they are busied, &c., you,' &c. The expression, 'take assurance of her to the church,' may seem harsh to some; but it is only a shorter and more compact way of writing than 'take assurance of her, and go to the church with her.' Even now we say, 'Take charge of this parcel to London,' for 'Take charge of this parcel, and go to London with it.' The second '*take*' is evidently a corrupt repetition of the first."

She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *A public road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or e'er I journey to your father's house.—
Go one,[154] and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Hor. [*aside to Kath.*] Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then, you lie: it is the blessèd sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessèd sun:—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be still[155] for Katharine.

[154] *Go one,*] Capell's conjecture; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; which is clearly right,—Petruchio calling out to an attendant.—The old eds. have "*Goe* on."

[155] *still*] So Ritson and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "so."—Capell printed "sir;" which is also conjectured by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 258).

Hor. [*aside*] Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But, soft! what[156] company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?—
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. [*aside*] 'A will make the man mad, to make a[157] woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away; or where[158] is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travell'st: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

[156] *what*] Was inserted, at Ritson's suggestion, by Steevens, who observes that it is "countenanced by the corresponding passage in the elder play;

'But soft; who's this that's coming here?'"

So too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

[157] *a*] The folio has "the."—Corrected in the second folio.

[158] *where*] The folio has "whether."—Corrected in the second folio.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio ;[159] my dwelling Pisa ;
And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his name ?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.
Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father :
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd : she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio :
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake ?
Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincentio.*
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow ! and if she be[160] froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

(159) *My name is call'd Vincentio,*] "'My name is Pistol call'd,' *King Henry V.*, act iv. sc. 1. But this is too Pistolian for Vincentio ; and I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare wrote '*My* name's Vincentio.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

(160) *be*] Added in the second folio.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Padua. Before* LUCENTIO'S *house.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master [161] as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, *and* Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I; and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant *above, at a window.*

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.

(161) *master*] The old eds. have "mistris."

—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and is here[162] looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*to Vincentio*] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's[163] father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my worshipful old[164] master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

(162) *from Pisa, and is here*] The old eds. have "*from* Padua, *and here.*"—The preceding speech, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom remarks to me, shows that "*is*" has dropt out.

(163) *master's*] The folio has "Mistris."—Corrected in the second folio.

(164) *my worshipful old*] So quarto 1631.—The other old eds. have "*my* old *worshipfull old.*"

Enter Pedant *below;* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and* Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns[165] it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Servant *brings in an* Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

(165) *'cerns*] An abbreviation of "concerns;" which is substituted in the second folio.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be halèd and abus'd:—
O monstrous villany![166]

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son? [*Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto[167] the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damnèd villain Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

(166) *villany!*] The old eds. have "villaine" and "villain."—In my former edition I expressed a strong suspicion that we ought to read here "*villany*," since presently Vincentio says, "I will in, to be revenged for this *villany*" (in the folio "*villanie*"); and I now find that Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 45) approves of the alteration.

(167) *unto*] The old eds. have "to."

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last[168]
Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. [*to Lucentio*] But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.
[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Gre. My cake is dough: but I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *come forward.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home again: come, sirrah,[169] let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss [*kisses him*]: now, pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

[168] *at last*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*at* the *last.*"

[169] *sirrah,*] I may notice here that this is addressed to Katharine: so in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. sc. 2, "*sirrah* Iras, go."

SCENE II. *A room in* LUCENTIO'S *house.*

A banquet set out; enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow; TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,[170]
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense:[171]
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended.—Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

[170] *done,*] So Rowe.—The old eds. have "come."

[171] *You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense:*] The old eds. have "*You are* verie *sencible*," &c.—See, on the word "*Very* interpolated," Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 268.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrow,[172]
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer:—ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to Hortensio.*
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.[173]
Bian. Head and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter[174] jest or two!
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all. [*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O, ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

(172) *shrow,*] Here the old eds. have "shrew." But see the last line but one of this play.

(173) *butt together well.*] On account of what immediately follows, this has been altered to "*butt* heads *together well,*" and to "*butt* heads well together."

(174) *bitter*] The old eds. have "better."

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for[175] assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;[176]
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred, then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match! 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.—
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir,[177] my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

[175] *for*] The folio has "sir."—Corrected in the second folio.
[176] *Let's each one send unto his wife;*] A mutilated line.—Capell prints "Please you, *let's each one send unto his wife.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *his* several *wife*" (which is tautological, to say nothing more).—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*Let's each one send* e'en now *unto his wife.*"
[177] *Sir,*] An interpolation perhaps.

Pet. I hope, a[178] better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse;[179] she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!—
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.[180]
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Bap. Now, by my halidom, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter KATHARINA.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit Kath.*
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonder.[181]
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

[178] *a*] Inserted by Capell.
[179] *Worse and worse;*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "This' *worse and worse.*" (See note 42.)
[180] *She will not.*] Qy. "*She will not* come"?
[181] *of wonder.*] The old eds. have "*of* a *wonder.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*of* wonders."

And[182] awful rule, and right supremacy,
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?

Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.[183]
See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*Katharina pulls off her cap and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred[184] crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

(182) *And*] The old eds. have "An."

(183) *And show more sign of her obedience,*
Her new-built virtue and obedience.]

"In the former line read '*submission*' [for '*obedience*']." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 276.—In the latter line Capell printed "—— *virtue* of *obedience*."

(184) *Hath cost me a hundred*] The old eds. have "*Hath cost me* fiue *hundred*."—Corrected by Rowe (who printed "an *hundred:*" but see before, p. 187). Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, with some of the earlier editors, omits "*Hath;*" which, however, is indispensable here.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom says, "Dele '*me*,' which was perhaps originally a mistake for '*one*.'"

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall:—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots[185] thy beauty, as frosts bite[186] the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

(185) *blots*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "blasts."
(186) *frosts bite*] The folio has "*frosts* doe *bite*."—Corrected in the second folio.

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown:
But now I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as[187] weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*To Lucentio.*
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.
[*Exeunt.*[188]

[187] *as*] Rowe printed "is."

[188] [Exeunt.] The old anonymous play, *The Taming of a Shrew* (see p. 96) concludes as follows; and it seems highly probable that Shakespeare's comedy had some corresponding conclusion, which has not been preserved;

"Then enter two bearing of Slie in his
Owne apparrell againe and leaues him
Where they found him, and then goes out.
Then enter the Tapster.

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What Slie oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
Ile wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What how Slie, Awake for shame.
Slie. Sim gis some more wine, whats all the

Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?
Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou dronken still?
Slie. Whose this? Tapster, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.
Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight.
Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too
And if she anger me.
Tapster. Nay tarry Slie for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night. *Exeunt Omnes.*"
Shakespeare Soc. reprint of ed. 1594, pp. 50, 51.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c., 1598, mentions, among plays by our author, a comedy called *Love Labours Wonne* (see the Memoir of Shakespeare); and there can be little doubt that *Love Labours Wonne* was (as Farmer first suggested in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*) another title for *All's well that ends well*. Mr. Collier conjectures "that 'All's Well that ends Well' was in the first instance, and prior to 1598, called 'Love's Labour's won,' and that it had a clear reference to 'Love's Labour's Lost,' of which it might be considered the counterpart. It was then, perhaps, laid by for some years, and revived by its author, with alterations and additions, about 1605 or 1606, when the new title of 'All's Well that ends Well' was given to it." *Introd. to All's well that ends well.* Nor is this conjecture to be treated with contempt; for Coleridge and Tieck were certainly right when they asserted that two distinct styles,—Shakespeare's earlier and his latest style,—are discernible in the play.—The groundwork of *All's well that ends well* is in Boccaccio's *Decameron, Giornata* iii., *Novella* 9; "*Giletta di Nerbona guerisce il Re di Francia d' una fistola; domanda per marito Beltramo di Rossiglione; il quale, contra sua voglia sposatala, a Firenze se ne va per isdegno; dove vagheggiando una giovane, in persona di lei Giletta giacque con lui, ed ebbene due figliuoli; per che egli poi, avutola cara, per moglie la tiene.*" But Painter's translation of that tale,—the Thirty-eighth Novel of the First Volume of *The Palace of Pleasure*, 1566,—was what Shakespeare used; "*Giletta, a phisitions doughter of Narbon, healed the French King of a fistula, for reward whereof she demaunded Beltramo counte of Rossiglione to husband. The counte being maried againste his will, for despite fled to Florence and loued another. Giletta, his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbande in place of his louer, and was begotten with childe of two sonnes; which knowen to her husband, he receiued her againe, and afterwards he liued in great honour and felicitie.*" Steevens observes; "Shakespeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation." (Painter's novel is reprinted in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—o—

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old lord.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
Several young French Lords, who serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.
Steward, Clown, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
A Widow of Florence.
DIANA, her daughter.
VIOLENTA, MARIANA, } neighbours and friends to the Widow.

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE—*Partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rousillon. A hall in the house of the* Countess.

Enter BERTRAM, *the* Countess of Rousillon, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack[1] it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that "had"! how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, 't would[2] have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack

(1) *lack*] Altered by Warburton to "slack."
(2) *'t would*] The old eds. have "would."

of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.[3]

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions[4] she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their[5] simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena,[6]—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have it.[7]

(3) *Gerard de Narbon.*] "Surely the name should be placed at the beginning, not at the end of the speech." W. N. LETTSOM.

(4) *dispositions*] Perhaps "disposition,"—as Rowe reads.

(5) *their*] Warburton reads "her."

(6) *Helena.*] "Should we not write '*Helen*,' as every where else in the play?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 230.

(7) *have it.*] The folio has "*haue* —", as if the Ms. had been here slightly imperfect or illegible; for the author certainly did not intend a broken sentence.—Malone, who takes no notice of the break in the old copy, and puts a full-stop after "*have*," remarks; "Our author sometimes is guilty of such slight inaccuracies, and concludes a sentence as if the former part of it had been constructed differently. Thus, in the present instance, he seems to have meant—'lest *you* be rather thought *to* affect a sorrow than *to have*.'"—Compare, in Helena's reply, "but I *have it* too."

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy[8] to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?[9]

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord: 'tis an
Unseason'd courtier; good my lord, advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best that shall attend
His love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

Ber. [*to Helena*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

Hel. O, were that all![10]—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

(8) *If the living be enemy*, &c.] "In the old copy this speech is assigned to the Countess. Tieck first suggested that it belongs to Helena; and that he is right is almost proved by Lafeu's rejoinder, 'How understand we that?'" STAUNTON.—Warburton reads '*If the living be* not *enemy*," &c.

(9) Ber. *Madam, I desire your holy wishes.*
Laf. *How understand we that?*]

Walker (Ms. apud Mr. W. N. Lettsom) would transpose these two speeches.

(10) *O, were that all!* &c.] Here some have suspected a defect in the text.

I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.[11]
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His archèd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table,—heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.—Who comes here?
One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones[12]

(11) *Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.*] This line is quite complete as it stands, "*Bertram's*" being here a trisyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 7.

(12) *virtue's steely bones*] "Is put poetically for —— steely-bon'd virtue," says Capell, *Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. i. p. 4.—Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 290) would read "*virtue's* seely *bones:*" and so too the late Mr. W. W. Williams, who in *The Parthenon* for Sept. 6, 1862, p. 595, writes as follows; "What conceivable meaning are we here to attach to '*steely* bones'? 'Steely,' according to our lexicographers, is an adjective expressive of hardness and impenetrability, and an epithet of weapons of warfare, offensive and defensive. We meet with it twice in Shakespeare; once in this place, and again in 'King Henry VI.' Part III.;

> 'Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
> Broach'd with the *steely* point of Clifford's lance.'

Helena, speaking in pitying terms of the exposure of virtue's bones to the cold wind, would hardly characterize them as endowed with the very qualities best fitting them to endure the infliction. The context would lead us to expect some such word as *simple, artless, inoffensive*, &c. Is there any such word, for which 'steely' might be an easy misreading or misprint? *Seely*, the old form of *silly* (originally the same as the

Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.[13]

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

German 'selig'), is translated in archaic glossaries by the meanings I have indicated, and which this passage seems to require. Spenser uses *seely* and *silly* indifferently; but Shakespeare elsewhere employs the later form, *silly*, as in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona;'

> 'Provided that you do no outrages
> On *silly* [*i.e.* inoffensive] women or poor passengers.'

In Holland's translation of Plutarch's 'Morals' we read of '*silly* swallows, harmless and gentle creatures.' A notable instance of *seely* may be found in the old proverb, thus given in Whetstone's 'Promos and Cassandra,' from which Shakespeare borrowed the plot of his 'Measure for Measure;'

> 'Whylst grasse doth growe oft sterves the *seely* steede;'

or, as we should now say, 'while the grass grows the poor steed starves.' 'Seely wretch,' in old authors, was equivalent to our 'poor creature;' see the early poem of 'Romeus and Juliet,' by Arthur Brooke, 1512, where the word occurs frequently. I propose to read

> 'That they take place, when virtue's *seely* bones
> Look bleak in the cold wind,' &c."—

Let me add, that Walker (who notices the passage, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 71) does not object to the reading "*steely.*"

(13) *Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see*
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.]

"'*I' th' wind*'? One of the '*colds*' must be wrong. And what can be made of '*withal*'? Possibly,'

> 'Look bleak in the cold wind: full oft we see
> [ ] wisdom,' &c.

The epithet which has been superseded by '*cold*' being one which expresses *hungry, half-starved*, in direct antithesis to '*superfluous*,' i.e. *overfed, full to excess.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 71. Pope gave the first line as Walker proposes to give it.

Hel. But he assails ;[14] and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational[15] increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't!

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't! within one year it will make itself two,[16] which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

(14) *assails ;*] "Perhaps," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c.; vol. ii. p. 263), "*assails* us."

(15) *rational*] Theobald once proposed, and Hanmer printed, "national."

(16) *within one year it will make itself two,*] The folios have "*within* ten *yeare it will make itselfe two.*"—Hanmer printed "*within ten* years *it will make itself* ten;" an alteration which is also found in Ms. in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, and which has been thought to be supported by the previous words of Parolles—"Virginity, by being once lost, may be *ten* times found," *i.e.* may produce ten virgins.—Steevens proposed, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives, "*within* two years *it*

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.[17] 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now.[18] Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears,—it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master[19] have a thousand loves,

will make itself two."—A conjecture made long ago by Malone, and which he afterwards discarded, has recently occurred to Mr. Singer, *Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 52, "*within* ten months *it will make itself* two:" but why suppose that "*yeare*" should be a misprint for "months"? —1863. I adopt, without much confidence, the reading of Mr. Grant White; who remarks that the words, "*the principal itself not much the worse*," make against Hanmer's alteration.

(17) *it likes.*] "Surely, '*likes it.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 248.

(18) *which wear not now.*] "Thus the old copy ['*which* were *not now*'], and rightly. Shakespeare often uses the active for the passive. The modern editors read 'which *we* wear not now.'" TYRWHITT. "But," observes Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "it is not enough to say that 'Shakespeare often uses the active for the passive.' Tyrwhitt should have produced examples of this idiom in the case of the verb *to wear* in the sense of *induere*."

(19) *marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?*
Hel. *Not my virginity yet.*
There shall your master, &c.]

In *The Parthenon* for Sept. 6, 1862, p. 595, the late Mr. W. W. Williams thus explains a portion of this passage; "Parolles winds up his ribald tirade against virginity with—'Marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: *will you anything with it?*' to which Helena replies, 'Not my virginity yet.' The last words of Parolles have vexed the annotators, and have been variously explained and altered. 'Will you anything with *me?*' 'Will you anything with *us?*' and 'Will you *do* anything with it?' have been severally suggested. Dr. Johnson confessed that he 'did not know what to do with the passage;' and later editors appear to construe it literally. In any case there is no need to disturb the text. It would seem, however, to have been a common expression in the sixteenth century, conveying no particular signification beyond a certain saucy

A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster;[20] with a world
Of pretty, fond-adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

flippancy, like our modern 'if you wish to know,' 'so now you know,' &c. Mr. Froude, in his 'History of England' (vol. i. page 181, first edition), cites an anecdote from Hale's 'Criminal Cases,' which contains an early example of its use. The story is worth quoting for its own sake, as illustrative of the feelings of the laity towards the priests of that period. 'The apparitor of the Bishop of London went with a citation into the shop of a mercer of St. Bride's, Henry Clitheroe by name. 'Who does cite me?' asked the mercer. 'Marry, that do I,' answered the apparitor, '*if thou wilt anything with it;*' whereupon, as the apparitor deposeth, the said Henry Clitheroe did hurl at him from off his finger that instrument of his art called the 'thymmelle;' and he, the apparitor, drawing his sword, the said Henry did snatch up his virga—Anglicè, his yard—and did pursue the apparitor into the public streets, and, after multiplying of many blows, did break the head of the said apparitor.'"—But here the text is certainly mutilated. "Something," observes Johnson, "which should connect Helena's words with those of Parolles, seems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading

> 'Not my virginity yet. *You're for the court:*
> There shall your master,' &c."—

Mr. Staunton thinks that "the deficiency is more probably in Parolles' speech, where the words '*We are for the court*' may have been omitted by the compositor."

(20) *His faith, his sweet disaster;*] Hanmer substituted "*His* faithless *sweet disaster.*"

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear make in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers;[21] when thou hast none,

[21] *When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers,* &c.] "No editor, from Rowe downwards, appears to have suspected anything wrong here, and I ought therefore to hesitate before suggesting alteration; but I cannot refrain. Helena is to say her prayers when she has leisure, and when she has none, *i.e.* when she has no leisure, she is to remember her friends,—a piece of advice which, if followed, would be as embarrassing to Helena as unprofitable to her acquaintance. To my thinking it is absolute nonsense, and, if there be any point in it, it entirely escapes me. That Parolles was none of the wisest, one must admit; but his vulgar insolence had still some coherence, however inapplicable to the particular case of Helena. Surely he was only retailing the 'modern instances' of his time, in saying, as I must believe he said; 'When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast *money*, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, &c.'" W. W. WILLIAMS, *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 848.

remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings[22]
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath not been can't be:[23] who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease,—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

(22) *The mightiest space in fortune nature brings*, &c.] "'The mightiest space in fortune,' for 'persons the most widely separated by fortune,' is certainly a licentious expression; but it is such a license as Shakespeare often takes. Thus, in *Cymbeline*, 'the diminution of space' is used for the diminution of which space or *distance* is the cause. If he had written '*spaces*' (as in *Troilus and Cressida*,

'—— her whom, we know well,
The world's large *spaces* cannot parallel'),

the passage would have been more clear: but he was confined by the metre. We might, however, read

'The mightiest space in *nature fortune* brings
To join,' &c.

i.e. accident sometimes unites those whom inequality of rank has separated [and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads]. But I believe the text is right." MALONE.—According to Mr. Staunton, "'*mightiest space*' is clearly one of the swarm of typographical blemishes by which the old text of this comedy is disfigured."—"Here," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "'*space*' seems to be a form of the plural: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., Art. LI."

(23) *What hath not been can't be:*] The folios have "*What hath beene, cannot be;*" which, as Mr. Staunton observes, is "the very opposite of what the speaker intended to express."—I give Hanmer's reading; which is also Walker's (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 72). (I may notice that the contraction "*can't*" occurs in p. 217.)

SCENE II. *Paris. A room in the* King's *palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France *with letters;* Lords *and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now

As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour
So like a courtier: contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness;[24] if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his[25] hand: who were below him[26]

(24) *Ere they can hide their levity in honour*
So like a courtier: contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness;]

Qy. "—— *levity in* humour"?

(25) *his*] "Is put for '*its*.'" STEEVENS.

(26) *who were below him*
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled.]

"Whether Mr. Staunton be justified or not in asserting that 'there is scarcely a passage of importance in the earlier scenes of this comedy, the meaning of which is not destroyed or impaired by some scandalous textual error,' it must yet be admitted that these lines are very ambiguous. The general drift of the passage is pretty obvious, but its precise meaning is not so readily defined. The latest editors ignore it; but the last-century commentators tried to tackle it. Their attempts at explanation exhibit the customary wasted ingenuity. *Intelligendo faciunt quod nihil intelligant.* Johnson falls asleep over it. Malone twaddles, and proposes the ever-ready 'ellipsis.' Hanmer, of livelier faculty, perceiving that '*another* place' was too vague an expression to have been the speaker's, boldly substituted 'a *brother race*.' In reference to the fourth line, Warburton asks, 'Why were they proud of his humility?' and changing 'of' to *and*, declares that 'the sentiment is fine.' Warburton had a happy talent for detecting a fine sentiment where nobody else could discover either sentiment or sense; but he was generally on the right track, and may often be successfully followed. Adopting his *and* (for which, when abbreviated, 'of' might be an easy

He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would démonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say,—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,—"Let me not live,"—
Thus[27] his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,[28]—"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are

misreading), and endeavouring to realize what he appears to have been driving at, I propose to read,

'Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of a nobler place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud, *and* his humility
In their poor praise *the* humbler.—'

i.e. making them consider his natural courtesy in their case all the greater condescension; which is Monck Mason's view of the possible purport of the old text. I will not attempt to enforce my reading. If it does not at once commend itself as right, let it die the natural death which it will deserve." W. W. WILLIAMS, *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 848.

[27] *Thus*] The folio has "This" (which, though evidently a misprint, is retained by several editors,—perhaps because they found in a later part of the speech "*this* he wish'd," &c.).

[28] *When it was out,*] Mr. Staunton asks "When what was out?" and proposes to read "*When* wit *was out;*" which is extremely ingenious: but I am content to believe that by "*it*" we are to understand "*pastime.*"

Mere fathers of their garments;[29] whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:"—this he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolvèd from my hive,
To give some labourer[30] room.
Sec. Lord. You're lovèd, sir;

[29] *Mere fathers of their garments;*] "Johnson explained these words as meaning, 'who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress;' and as such they must obviously be received, if we are to attend only to the sense of the particular clause, without reference to the purport of the whole passage. But is the text quite correct? Tyrwhitt, one of the most acute of Shakespeare's commentators, thought that it was not; and it is plain that, although the speaker *might* have so expressed himself, the words would then convey an isolated assertion, having no connection with those which immediately precede and follow them, and we should lose that 'continuous undersong' from association of metaphor, which, as observed by Coleridge, makes the style of Shakespeare so peculiarly vital and organic. Tyrwhitt had a suspicion that Shakespeare wrote 'mere *feathers* of their garments;' *i.e.*, says he, 'merely *parts* of their dress, worn and laid aside from the mere love of novelty and change.' It is very possible that he was quite right in guessing that the poet intended to convey that the judgments of the 'younger spirits' were mere *parts* (or *parcels*) of their garments; for, if we look to 'Antony and Cleopatra,' act iii. sc. 2, we find Enobarbus saying,

'I see men's *judgments* are
A *parcel* of their fortunes;'

i.e., says Steevens, 'as we should say at present, *are of a piece with them.*' Now here is the very word which Tyrwhitt required to support his conjecture; but not hitting upon it, he substituted *feathers*, as 'insignificant parts of dress.' If Shakespeare could, in the case of Antony, speak of men's judgments as a *parcel* of their *fortunes*, why might he not, in another case, describe them, and as appositely, as mere *parcels* of their *garments?* If we read

'Whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere *parcels* of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions,'—

we adopt the poet's own expression in the place of a questioned, and questionable, text; to which we thereby do no more violence than editors have been driven to do elsewhere, from the necessities of the case, or the authority of early quartos. That such a reading would give us Shakespeare's words I can hardly doubt, as the flow of the sense remains thereby uninterrupted, and the three subsidiary clauses (commencing 'whose,' &c.) each contain a similar predication, and form together a common climax." W. W. WILLIAMS, *The Parthenon* for Sept. 6, 1862, p. 595.

[30] *labourer*] The folios have "Labourers."—Corrected by Warburton.

They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III. *Rousillon. A room in the house of the* Countess.

Enter Countess, Steward, *and* Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,[31] I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

(31) *to even your content,*] "'To even your content,' says Johnson, is to *act up to your desires;* and there is a passage in 'Cymbeline,' quoted in his Dictionary, sub v., which appears to confirm this assumption; but hardly, I think, satisfactorily. Mr. Collier has the following note *ad l.* in his *Shakespeare*, 1858; 'Were we to allow ourselves to guess, we should say that 'even' was here an easy mistake for *win;* but 'even' may serve, and we have no authority whatever for alteration.' Assuming, with Mr. Collier, that 'even' may serve, it yet serves very badly, and the passage is only in the same plight with many others more obviously corrupt. I congratulate Mr. Collier on his *win*, and accept it as confirmatory of my opinion, long since expressed to him, that the text is incorrect; but I submit that my own reading, *earn* for 'even'—'the *care* I have had to *earn* your content'—supplies the more probable word, and is more accordant with the 'ductus literarum.' If we are to wait for any higher 'authority' in the rectification of Shakespeare's text than the common sense of his countrymen, I fear our patience will be sorely tried. Naturally, I do not share Mr. Collier's horror of guesswork. Theobald was a guesser;

'Oh that the present hour would lend
Another 'guesser' of that kind!'"

W. W. WILLIAMS, *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 848.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel your[32] woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage,—sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam; e'en[33] great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of.

(32) *Isbel your woman and I*] The folio has "*Isbell* the *woman and* w."—The former error, which arose from "*y*^{r} being mistaken for y^{e}," was corrected by Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 290); the latter by the editor of the second folio.

(33) *e'en*] The folio has "in."—Corrected by Hanmer.

He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam[34] the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one,—they may jole horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad * will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

(34) *Charbon . . . . Poysam*] A gentleman who signs himself "*Benj. Easy*," in *Notes and Queries* for August 8, 1863, p. 106, writes as follows on the present passage; "The characters being French, it was long ago acutely surmised by Malone that '*Poysam*' was a misprint for '*Poisson*' (*i* and long *s* having been taken for *y*); but unfortunately his further supposition, that '*Charbon*' was meant to indicate the fiery zeal of the Puritans, was unsatisfactory, and gave no support to the previous conjecture. As, however, Poisson is significant of the fasting and self-denying Papist, so I think Charbon, Chairbon, or Chairbonne, was given authentically to the fast-denying or sleek Puritan as derivable from *chair bonne* or *bonne chair*. The antithesis and the appropriateness of the allusions prove the truth of these emendations and interpretations; and if other proof were wanting, it is to be found in this, that Shakespeare has clearly appropriated to his own purposes the old French proverb, 'Jeune chair et viel poisson'—'*young* flesh and *old* fish (are the daintiest).' Hence, also, the full meaning intended to be conveyed is not that some, but that the best men, whatever their age or whatever may be their own or their wives' religious opinions, all share the common fate."

* *For I the ballad*, &c.] "I find something like two of the lines of this ballad [the two lines being almost proverbial] in John Grange's *Garden* [annexed to his *Golden Aphroditis*, &c.], 1577;

'Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your minde,
As cuckoldes come by destinie, so cuckowes sing by kinde.'"

STEEVENS.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face* the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sackèd Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighèd as she stood,
With that she sighèd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth 'a! an we might have a good woman born but for[35] every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title

* *Was this fair face*, &c.] A fragment of a ballad on the fall of Troy, perhaps inaccurately quoted by the Clown, and certainly corrupted by the transcriber or printer.

[35] *for*] The folios have "ore;" the alteration of which to "*for*" is by Mr. Harness.

to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised,(36) without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Even so it was with me when I was young:

If we are(37) nature's, these are ours; this thorn

(36) *Diana no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised,*] Here the words "*Diana no*" were introduced by Theobald.—After "*knight*" Rowe inserted "to be," which Mr. Collier thinks "equally necessary;" but how superfluous that insertion is, will appear from the following passages;

> "And *suffer not their mouthes shut vp*, oh Lord,
> Which stil thy name with praises doo record."
> Drayton's *Harmonie of the Church*, 1591, sig. F 2.

> "By which her fruitful vine and wholesome fare
> She *suffer'd spoil'd*, to make a childish snare."
> Chapman's *Continuation* of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*,—
> Marlowe's *Works*, p. 296, ed. Dyce, 1858.

"Least we should be spotted with the staine of ingratitude in *suffering the princesse iniury vnreuenged.*" Greene's *Penelope's Web*, sig. D 3, ed. 1601.

(37) *If we are*] The folios have "*If* euer *we are;*" the "euer" (which destroys the metre) having no meaning here, and probably, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom remarks, derived from the "Even" in the line above.

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, though[38] then we thought them none.

Enter HELENA.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.
Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?
Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable mistress.
Count. Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in "mother,"
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombèd mine: 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The[39] many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why,—that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam,
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:

(38) *though*] So Hanmer.—The folios have "or" (which might easily be a corruption of "*tho*").
(39) *The*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 235) suspects that we ought to read "This."

My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were—
So that my lord your son were not my brother—
Indeed my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for[40] than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield, you mean it not! "daughter" and "mother"
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness,[41] and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so;—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,[42]
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

(40) *or were you both our mothers,*
I care no more for]

By "*both our mothers*" we must understand "the mother of both of us." —"There is a designed ambiguity: '*I care no more for*' is 'I care as much for. I wish it equally.'" FARMER.—Capell prints "I'd *care no more for* 't."

(41) *loneliness,*] The folios have "louelinesse."

(42) *behaviours,*] Altered in the third folio to "behaviour:" but compare, among other passages of our author, "Why, all his *behaviours* did make their retire," &c. *Love's Labour's Lost*, act ii. sc. 1.

Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!
Count. Love you my son?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible[43] sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies!
Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—
To go to Paris?

([43]) *intenible*] The folio has "intemible."—Corrected in the second folio.

Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore?
Tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth;[44] by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifold[45] experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.
Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.
Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposèd aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help:[46] how shall they credit
A poor unlearnèd virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

(44) *Tell true.*
. . . . *tell truth;*]

"I cannot believe," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "that Shakespeare varied the expression here."—In the second speech the second folio has "*tell* true."

(45) *manifold*] So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 245).—The folio has "manifest."

(46) *he, that they cannot help him;*
They, that they cannot help:]

"Evidently wrong; though I am not sure that 'cannot *heal* him' is the true correction." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 278.—Hanmer printed "*he, that* he can't be help'd," &c.

Hel. There's something hints,[47]
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
This[48] well-lost life of mine on's grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants,[49] and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into[50] thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Paris. A room in the* King's *palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, *with divers young* Lords *taking leave for the Florentine war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and* Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.[51]

(47) *hints,*] The folios have "in't."—Corrected by Warburton.

(48) *This*] The folios have "The."—Corrected by Hanmer; and so Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 72).

(49) *attendants,*] "'*Attendance,*' I suspect," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 72).

(50) *into*] Here "*into*" is equivalent to "unto,"—which the editor of the third folio substituted.

(51) *Farewell, young lord; these warlike principles*
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,

First Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy—
Those bated[52] that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both Lords. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*Exit, led out by Attendants.*

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,—
"Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early."

The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.]

The folios in the first as well as in the second line have "Lords" (a mistake which perhaps arose from the "young *Lords*" of the stage-direction just above). Be the number of the lords present what it may, only *two* of them converse with the king in the opening of this scene. Mason remarks; "Tyrwhitt's amendment [originally Hanmer's], the reading *lord* instead of *lords*, is clearly right: advice is the only thing that may be shared between two, and yet both may gain all." Mr. Collier, who retains "lords," says that "the king is addressing himself to two separate bodies of young noblemen," &c. But surely the word "*both*" shows that two *individuals*, not two *bodies*, are addressed here.

(52) *bated*] Hanmer substituted "bastards;" which occurred also to Coleridge. The passage is altogether a very obscure one.

Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

First Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

Sec. Lord. I am your accessary; and so, farewell.

Ber. I grow to you,[53] and our parting is a tortured body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain.

Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek;[54] it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for[55] me.

Sec. Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[53] *I grow to you*, &c.] This speech was mended in one way by Hanmer, and in another by Capell.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c., vol. ii., p. 260), altering the arrangement of the preceding speeches, reads

> "There's honour in the theft.
> *Par.* Commit it, count.
> *Sec. Lord.* I am your accessary;
> And so, farewell.
> *Ber.* I grow *t'ye*, and our parting
> Is *as* a tortur'd body.
> *First Lord.* Farewell, captain."

[54] *with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek;*] The folios have "his Sicatrice, with *an Embleme of warre*," &c.; which is defended by a writer who signs himself "*Benj. Easy*," in *Notes and Queries* for August 8, 1863, p. 107. "The emblem of war," he observes, "I take to be, not the cicatrice, but the velvet patch that covered either it or the sound skin: a fashion of the day, and an abuse afterwards laughed at by the Fool, when he says [p. 289], 'Yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet.' That it was meant to be understood, and that it was part of the humour of the passage, that Capt. Spurio's patch was mere braggardism, and his scar 'over the left cheek' sound flesh, is shown by this: that 'il Capitano Spurio' being Anglicised, is Capt. Counterfeit," &c. But the order—or rather, the disorder—of the words in the folio—cannot be right: and surely "*cicatrice*" may be taken in the sense of "a scar *with a patch over it*," if the context be thought to require that meaning.

[55] *for*] Altered to "*of*" in the third folio.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.*
What will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the king!

Re-enter the King,(56) *led back to his chair by* Attendants.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. [*rising*] Then here's a man stands that has bought his pardon.(57)

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

(56) Re-enter the *King*, &c.] Neither the *exit* of the King in page 221, nor his *re-entrance* here, is marked in the folios.

(57) Laf. [kneeling] *Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.*
King. *I'll fee thee to stand up.*
Laf. [rising] *Then here's a man stands that has bought his pardon.*]

The folios have

"King. *Ile* see *thee to stand vp.*
L. Laf. *Then heres a man stands that has* brought *his pardon.*"—

But the sense seems positively to require that "see" should be altered to "*fee*," and "brought" to "*bought*,"—alterations far from violent, and made by Theobald.

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I've seen a medicine (58)
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.(59)

King. What "her" is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: my lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her:—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,—
For that is her demand,—and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

(58) *a medicine*] "Is here put for *a she-physician.*" HANMER. At least, for "a physician;" as in *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 2, "the *medicine* of the sickly weal."

(59) *To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,*
And write to her a love-line.]

Here Capell reads "And *give;*" and Hanmer "To *write.*"—Malone believes that an intermediate line has been lost.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom supposes that the passage in its complete state was something like

"*To give great Charlemain a* lesson too,
That he, though late, should take a *pen in's hand,*
And write to her a love-line."

Charlemain late in life vainly attempted to learn to write.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I'm Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father; one,(60)
In what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear: I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learnèd doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable state,(61)—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so

(60) *one,*] Added by Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 210).
(61) *state,*] The folios have "estate."

Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.(62)
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.(63)
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inspirèd merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when

(62) *been denied.*] Like Johnson, Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 74) queries if something has not dropt out after these words.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures

> "———— and great seas have dried;
> When miracles have *to* the greatest been denied,
> *They've come to pass by faith and lowly prayer.*
> Oft expectation," &c.

And he refers the refusal to work miracles to Luke xxiii. 8, 9.

(63) *fits.*] So Theobald (Nichols's *Illustrations*, &c., vol. ii. p. 343), the Ms. Corrector in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the folio, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folios have "shifts."

The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his[64] sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulgèd shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maid's name
Sear'd otherwise; the worst of worst extended,—[65]
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessèd spirit doth speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay

[64] *his*] The folios have "her."

[65] *my maid's name*
Sear'd otherwise; the worst of worst extended,—]
The folio has
"*my* maidens *name*
Seard otherwise, ne [the second folio "no"] worse *of worst extended,*"—

As to "maiden's," Walker remarks that "the extra syllable in the body of the line is out of place in rhyme." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 90. (Compare, in *Twelfth-Night*, act v. sc. 1, "my *maid's* garments;" and in the same scene, a little before (as corrected by Theobald), "my *maid's* weeds.")—The correction in the second line, "*the worst*," is Hanmer's.

In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,—
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue,[66] all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.[67]

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy résolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,—
Though more to know could not be more to trust,—
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on: but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—

(66) *virtue,*] Added by Theobald.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector supplies "honour:" but, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes, a speech of the King, p. 236,—

"*virtue* and she
Is her own dower; *honour* and wealth from me,"—

shows that "honour" cannot be the word here.

(67) *heaven.*] The folios have "helpe."—Thirlby's correction.

Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.[68]

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. A room in the house of the* Countess.

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court![69] why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks,—the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

(68) *my deed shall match thy deed.*] Qy. "*my* meed *shall*," &c.? That "*my* meed," in the sense of "the meed conferred by me," is good *old* English, the reader will see by consulting note 131 on *The Tempest*. (Since I wrote the above, I find, from the Cambridge Shakespeare, that an anonymous critic conjectures "—— *match thy* meed.")

(69) *To the court!*] Theobald prints "But *to the court!*"—and rightly perhaps.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could:—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "Spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. *Paris. A room in the* King's *palace.*

Enter LAFEU *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Par. And so 'tis.[70]

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus,[71] of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

([70]) *to an unknown fear. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder . . . .* Par. *And so 'tis.*]
At the commencement of this scene the folios have "*Enter* Count, *Lafeu*, and *Parolles;*" and here they have

"—— *an vnknowne feare.*
Par. *Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.*
Ros. *And so 'tis,*"—

the impropriety in the heading of the scene having led to the wrong distribution of the dialogue. Not unfrequently in the old copies of early plays we find, at the beginning of a scene, *the names of all the persons who are to figure in that scene,* though some of them do not enter immediately: and it is evident that in the present scene Bertram does not make his appearance till the King has sent to summon "all the lords in court."

([71]) *Both of Galen and Paracelsus,*] The folios make these words a portion of the preceding speech.—That they were wrongly assigned, was seen by Johnson (who remarks that "the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not," &c.).—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes several other changes in this dialogue; but really there is no end to alterations in so extremely corrupt a play.

Par. Right; as 'twere a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing,[72] you shall read it in What do ye call there—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said, the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin[73] is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous[74] spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven—

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak and debile minister great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king.

Par. As to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.[75]

(72) *in showing,*] Tyrwhitt would read "a *showing.*"

(73) *your dolphin*] "On this Mr. Steevens says, 'By *dolphin* is meant the dauphin,' &c. [so too Theobald once supposed; and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 73) bids us read "Of course, '*Dauphin.*' In the folio the word is printed with a capital"]; whereas it means only that the king is made as lusty as a dolphin, which is a sportive, lively fish: a similar idea probably suggested the following singular passage;

'His delights
Were *dolphin-like,* and show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in.' *Ant. and Cl.* v. 2."

Nares's *Gloss.* in "Dolphin."—The passage from *Antony and Cleopatra* was first quoted here by Malone; who also observes,—and, I think, justly,—that an old courtier would not have used the expression "*your* Dauphin."—As to Walker's remark that "in the folio the word [*dolphin*] is printed with a capital,"—it goes for nothing, since in the lines just quoted from *Antony and Cleopatra,* the folio has

"His delights
Were *D*olphin-like," &c.

(74) *facinorous*] The folios have "facinerious."

(75) Laf. *In a most weak* . . . . . .
Laf. *Generally thankful.*]

The folios have

Par. I would have said it; you say well.—Here comes the king.

Enter King, HELENA, *and* Attendants.

Laf. Lustic, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords, *and* BERTRAM.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou'st power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',

"*Ol. Laf.* In a most weake——

Par. And debile minister great power, great transcendence, which should indeede giue us a further vse to be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee

Old Laf. Generally thankfull."

Here Steevens observes; "When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to represent are never set down; but only the last words of the preceding speech which belongs to their partner in the scene. If the plays of Shakespeare were printed (as there is reason to suspect) from these piece-meal transcripts, how easily may the mistake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnson has [here] judiciously strove to remedy!"

And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I've done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
"We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—[*To First Lord*] Sir, will you hear my suit?

First Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. [*to Sec. Lord*] The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. [*to Third Lord*] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed.

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of[76] her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. [*to Fourth Lord*] You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,[77]—I am sure thy father drunk wine:—but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. [*to Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,[78]

(76) *of*] The folios read "haue."—Corrected by Rowe.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 6) considers this speech to be verse.

(77) *There's one grape yet*, &c.] "Old Lafeu having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram, who remains, cries out, 'There is one yet into whom his father put good blood—but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass.'" JOHNSON.

(78) *'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which*
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods, &c.]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 73) conjectures that Shakespeare wrote

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous,—save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,—thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when[79] virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire:[80] honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go.

"'Tis only *lack*
Of title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up."

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read

"'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,
The which I can build up. Strange *is't*, our bloods," &c.;—

but I see no reason to believe that the second of these lines is corrupted.

[79] *when*] The folios have "whence."
[80] *sire:*] A dissyllable here.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defend,[81]
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the cureless[82] lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praisèd of the king; who, so ennobled,

[81] *defend,*] So Theobald and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folios have "defeate;" which Farmer, Tyrwhitt, and Mr. Grant White do their best to support.

[82] *cureless*] The folios have "carelesse."—"Perhaps '*cureless;*' if indeed the passage is corrupt." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 325.—"'Perhaps *cure*less,' remarks Mr. Sidney Walker; and, as he advances his conjecture with hesitation, and elsewhere attempts to explain 'careless,' I may be acquitted of plagiarism when I say that I have always considered '*cure*less' to be the author's word. 1. Because 'care' in the one line, and 'careless' in the other, where no verbal resemblance can be intended, presents an anti-Shakespearian cacophony. 2. We have countless misprints of the same kind; as in 'Troilus and Cressida,' where the quarto gives us 'destruction,' and the folio 'distraction.' 3. 'Lapse' = *fall;* and the King is unmistakably warning Bertram that, if he does not obey him, he will let him go his own headstrong way to irreparable ruin. So in the 'Merchant of Venice,' iv. 1;

> 'Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will *fall*
> To *cure*less ruin.'"
>
> W. W. WILLIAMS, *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 848.

Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king[83]
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born[84] brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, and Attendants.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation!—My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count,—to all counts,—to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee

(83) *king*] This word is, with good reason, marked as suspicious by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 307).

(84) *new-born*] The folios have "now *borne*."

again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser—

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as[85] I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy[86] lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

(85) *as*] "If, instead of '*as*,' we read '*so*,' the conceit on the word '*past*' is then intelligible: 'For doing I am past, so I will [*pass*] by thee,' &c." STAUNTON. Surely the old text may stand.

(86) *scurvy, ... scurvy*] An accidental repetition.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks't,[87] thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.[88] You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Par. Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I've sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O, my Parolles, they have married me!—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

(87) *methinks't,*] *i.e.* methinks it.—The folios have "*meethink*'st."—Compare *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2, "Does it not, *thinks't* thee, stand me now upon," &c.

(88) *than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.*] Hanmer reads "*than the* heraldry *of your birth and virtue gives you* commission."

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what th' impórt is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay,
That would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable! we that dwell in't jades;
Therefore, to the wars![89]

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested[90] wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow[91]
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—'Tis hard:
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore, away, and leave her; bravely go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush, 'tis so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter HELENA *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given,

[89] *wars!*] The folios have "warre." But see *ante* and *post*.
[90] *detested*] So Rowe.—The folios have "detected."
[91] *to-morrow*] Hanmer printed "even *to-morrow*," and Steevens proposed "betimes *to-morrow*."

she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.[92]

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave,—how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir,[93] was profitable; and

(92) *fortunes.*] The folios have "fortune."

(93) *The search, sir,* &c.] Before these words the folios have the prefix "*Clo.;*" and it would seem, from the context, that a speech which preceded them has been lost. If we may trust Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, it was this;

"*Par.* Go to, I say: I have found thee: no more; I have found thee, a witty fool."

much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter,

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to[94] a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbèd time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. [*Exit Par.*] Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

[94] *to*] The editor of the third folio substituted "by," and Capell "on."

Laf. I have, then, sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*to Bertram*] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*aside to Par.*] Is she gone to the king?

Par. [*aside to Ber.*] She is.

Ber. [*aside to Par.*] Will she away to-night?

Par. [*aside to Ber.*] As you'll have her.

Ber. [*aside to Par.*] I've writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End[95] ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this

[95] *End*] The Ms. correction in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio (and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folios have "And."

man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve[96] at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think not so.

Par. Why, do you know him?[97]

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass.—Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and requirèd office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;[98]

(96) *have or will deserve*] So the second folio (a reading which we must understand to mean "have *deserved* or will deserve"). But the folio has "*haue or will* to *deserue*,"—a word, in all probability, having dropt out after "haue:" Malone proposes to insert "qualities," and Mr. W. N. Lettsom "power."

(97) Ber. *I think not so.*
Par. *Why, do you know him?*]

So Walker (Ms. apud Mr. W. N. Lettsom); and so too Singer.—The folio has

"*Ber.* I thinke so.
Par. Why do you *not* know him?"

(98) " . . . . . *to entreat you,*
. . . . . .
. . . . . *why I entreat you;*]

"Read 'why I *dismiss* you,' or an equivalent word." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 281.

For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine,—and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—
Faith, yes;—[99]
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.
[*Exit Helena.*
Go thou[100] toward home; where I will never come,

([99]) *Faith, yes;—*
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.]

See note 57 on *Measure for Measure.*

([100]) Hel. *I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.*
Ber. *Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.* [Exit Helena.
Go thou, &c.]

The folios have

Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Florence. A room in the* Duke's *palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke *of Florence, attended; two French* Lords *and* Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

First Lord.[101] Holy seems the quarrel

"*Hel.* I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell. [*Exit.*
Ber. Go thou," &c.

For the proper distribution and punctuation of the dialogue we are indebted to Theobald, whose note runs thus; "What *other* men is Helen here inquiring after? Or who is she supposed to ask for them? The old countess, 'tis certain, did not send her to the court without some attendants; but neither the Clown nor any of her retinue are now upon the stage. Bertram, observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a show of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismission." In spite of this sensible note, Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight follow the old copy. Mr. Collier, indeed, seems to have had a very indistinct idea of Theobald's correction; for he observes, "there is no reason why *Bertram should take leave of Parolles*"! To Theobald's question, "What OTHER men is Helen here inquiring after?" Mr. Knight replies, "The men who are to accompany her 'in haste to horse,'"—which is manifestly *no answer at all*: and when he further remarks that "the civility of 'Farewell' to Helena is scarcely compatible with Bertram's cold rudeness," he quite forgets that only a little above Bertram has said to her, "My haste is very great: FAREWELL."—1863. Mr. Collier, in his second edition, has here adopted Theobald's correction (which he calls "Capell's").—Mr. Grant White retains, and defends, the error of the folio.

(101) First Lord. *Holy seems the quarrel*, &c.] "This must have been the remark of a Florentine Lord; as in the old copies the 'two Frenchmen' (so called in the introduction to the scene) are distinguished by '*French E.*' and '*French G.*' (perhaps French Envoy and French Gentleman), before what is assigned to them in the dialogue. Malone and the modern editors make no such distinction, but merely call them '1 Lord' and '2 Lord.' The speech to which the present note applies is

Upon your grace's party;[102] black and fearful
On the opposer's.[103]

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

First Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion:[104] therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

the only one given to '1 Lord' in the folios. These appear to be the same '*French E.*' and '*French G.*' who afterwards accompany Helena to Rousillon." COLLIER.—I cannot see the slightest reason for supposing that a *Florentine* Lord is the speaker here. Surely the Duke has not been explaining to those of his own court "the fundamental reasons of the war" (which *they* must have known long before): he has been addressing the French Lords, who had joined him by the permission of their King (see act i. sc. 2, p. 207). As to Mr. Collier's very improbable substitution of "French Envoy" and "French Gentleman" for "*French E.*" and "*French G.*," it is not a little inconsistent with his previous note on act i. sc. 2; "In the old copies the lords are distinguished as '1 Lord G.' and '2 Lord E.,' *being perhaps the initials of the players who filled these small parts.*"—Afterwards, in act iii. sc. 6, we have, according to the folios, "*Cap. E.*" and "*Cap. G.;*" in act iv. sc. 1, "1 *Lord E.*" (and "*Lor. E.*"); and in act iv. sc. 3, "*Cap. G.*" and "*Cap. E.*," the latter prefix being there twice varied to "*Lo. E.*"—Malone remarks; "*G.* and *E.* were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed these characters. In the list of actors prefixed to the first folio I find the names of Gilburne [and Goughe] and Ecclestone, to whom these insignificant parts probably fell. Perhaps, however, these performers first represented the French lords, and afterwards two captains in the Florentine army; and hence the confusion of the old copy. The matter is of no great importance." (Capell has the same remark about the initials *E.* and *G.* (*Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. i. p. 14): but we need not suppose that Malone borrowed it from Capell; for the former was far better acquainted than the latter with the history of our early stage and early actors.)

(102) *party;*] The folios have "part."—"Read '*party*,' with the same meaning, *ut sæpe.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 74.

(103) *opposer's.*] The folios have "opposer."

(104) *motion:*] Warburton reads "notion" (Theobald's conjecture); which Capell adopts, declaring that "*motion*" is "evidently a mistake," and adding that "'*notion*' implies simply—conception." *Notes*, &c., vol. i. P. i. p. 13.

Sec. Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nation,[105]
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. A room in the house of the* Countess.

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,[106] and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.[107]

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court:[108] the brains of my

[105] *nation,*] The folios have "nature."—Corrected by Rowe.

[106] *the ruff,*] Altered by Rowe to "his *ruff*:" but the context shows that the allusion is to "*the ruff*" (or *ruffle*) of the *boot*,—the top of the boot which turned over and hung loosely.

[107] *I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.*] The folio has "*I* know *a man that had this tricke of melancholy* hold *a goodly*," &c.—In the third folio "hold" was rightly altered to "*sold.*"

[108] *our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court:*] The folio has "*our old* Lings, *and our Isbels*," &c.—Corrected in the second folio.—On this passage Walker writes; "Qu. Indeed I suspect that *old ling* is a corruption of some other word or words." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 311,—where the editor adds in a note, "Qu. Is not *old ling*, in the second place, a corruption for *youngling*?"

Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en[109] that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [*reads*] "I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only heard[110] your son was run away. [*Exit.*

Enter HELENA *and two* Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Sec. Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—

(109) *E'en*] The folios have "In."
(110) *heard*] The folios have "heare."

I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't:—where is my son, I pray you?

Sec. Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for[111] thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.
[*Reads*] "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs as thine,[112]
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*reads*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

[111] *for*] Altered by Rowe to "from."

[112] *all the griefs as thine.*] The folios have "*all the greefes* are *thine;*" which in my former edition I retained, under the idea that it was equivalent to "all the griefs *that* are thine." But I am now convinced, with Rowe, that the sense requires "—— *as thine.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*all* these *griefs as thine.*"

First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, which, haply,[113]
His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress.—Who was with him?

First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness,[114]
My son corrupts a well-derivèd nature
With his inducement.

First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.[115]

Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

[113] *which, haply,*] The folios have "haply, which." (I had made this transposition in the present edition before being aware that it was one of the late Mr. W. W. Williams's emendations apud *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 849.)

[114] First Gent. *Ay, my good lady, he.*
Count. *A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.*]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 269) says that here "possibly '*very*' ought to be expunged," and that the proper arrangement is;

"*First Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow,
And full of wickedness."

[115] *Which holds him much to have.*] Hanmer printed "*Which* 'hoves *him* not *much to have;*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Which* 'hoves *him much to* leave;" and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 56) proposes altering "*holds*" to "fouls" or "soils" (Theobald's conjecture).—1863. Mr. Swynfen Jervis would alter "*holds*" to "bolds."

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*
Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent[116] speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,
That sings with piercing;[117] do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,

[116] *violent*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "volant."

[117] *move the still-piecing air,*
That sings with piercing;]

The folio has "*moue the still*-peering *aire*," &c.; the second folio, "*moue the still*-piercing *air*," &c.—I give the reading which is now usually given, though I feel by no means satisfied that it is the true one.—Nares (*Gloss.* sub "*Still-piercing*") conjectures "*move the still*-pierced *air*," &c.—"Read," says Warburton,

"'pierce *the still*-moving *air*,
That sings with piercing;'"

a reading which Mr. W. N. Lettsom supports by the following passage of Cicero: "Post Anaxamenes aera deum statuit, eumque gigni, esseque immensum et infinitum et *semper in motu*." *De Nat. Deorum*, i. 10.—Since writing what precedes, I have received from Mr. Swynfen Jervis the conjecture, "*move the still*-jeering *air*," &c.; with which he compares

"or with *bemock'd-at stabs*
Kill the still-closing waters." *The Tempest*, act iii. sc. 3.

As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Florence. Before the* Duke's *palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke *of Florence,* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is (118)
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rousillon. A room in the house of the* Countess.

Enter Countess *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she'd do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

(118) *is*] Mr. Grant White states that the folio omits "*is;*" but my copy of the folio has it.

Stew. [*reads*]

"I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack[119] advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.[120]

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,

[119] *you did never lack*] Altered by Hanmer to "*you* ne'er lack'd."
[120] *Pursuit would be but vain.*] "This is not borne out by Helen's letter." W. N. LETTSOM.

Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense
To make distinction:—provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak:
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Without the walls of Florence.*

Enter an old Widow *of Florence*, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other* Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [*A tucket afar off.*] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under:[121] many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I

[121] *are not the things they go under:*] *i.e.*, says Johnson, "they are not the things for which their names would make them pass."—Hanmer printed "*are* but *the things*," &c.

hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another: I'll question her.

Enter HELENA, *in the dress of a pilgrim.*

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is't.—Hark you! they come this way.—
[*A march afar off.*
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,[122]
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?

[122] *pilgrim,*] A trisyllable here.

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth:[123] I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reservèd honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wid. I wot, good creature,[124] wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:

[123] *mere the truth:*] "Unless it can be shown that this was grammar in Shakespeare's time, any more than in ours, we must read [with Hanmer] '*the mere* truth.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 247. —I believe the old reading is the true one.

[124] *I wot, good creature,* &c.] The folio has "*I* write *good creature,*" &c.—The second folio has "*I* right *good creature,*" &c.—In my former edition I printed, with Capell, "Ay, right; *good creature,*" &c.—"I cannot help suspecting that the old lady merely gave utterance to a general reflection resulting rather from her natural sympathy with her own sex than from any special interest in the unknown Helena; and that she merely said, in the vernacular of Shakespeare's time,

'I *wot,* good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly.'

This reading offers less violence to the text than any correction yet proposed. To *wot, wite,* or *weet* (for the orthography varies) is of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare and old writers; and although signifying to *know* or *believe,* yet 'I wot' was often loosely employed (like the American 'I guess'), implying no more certain knowledge than the ordinary phrase, 'I'll be bound for't.'" W. W. WILLIAMS, *The Parthenon* for Sept. 6, 1862, p. 595.

But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—

Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and the Florentine army with drum and colours.*

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he's not honest: yond's that same knave
That leads him to these passes:[125] were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, &c.*

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to Great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid

[125] *passes:*] The folios have "places."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 240) would read, with Theobald, "paces."—I adopt the emendation of Walker's editor (*ibid.*), who compares *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1;

"your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my *passes*."

To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of[126] this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM *and the two French* Lords.[127]

First Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

Sec. Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

First Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

First Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

Sec. Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Sec. Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

First Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and

[126] *of*] *i.e.* on.
[127] the two French *Lords.*] See note 101.

deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

Sec. Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch off[128] his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted,[129] if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed.—Here he comes.

First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design:[130] let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

Sec. Lord. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

Sec. Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command[131] of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you

[128] *off*] Omitted in the folios by an evident mistake. Compare the preceding speech but one, and the speech after this.

[129] *the bottom of his success in't, ... lump of ore will be melted,*] The folios have "*the bottome of* this *successe in't . . . . lump of* ours *will be melted.*"

[130] *the humour of his design:*] The folios have "*the* honor *of his designe.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*the humour of* this *design.*"

[131] *command*] Mr. Collier conjectures "conduct."

think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

First Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

Sec. Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries;[132] but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

First Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable[133] lies: but we have almost embossed him,—you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

[132] *a great deal of discoveries;*] "Is this good English?" asks Walker (who marks "*discoveries*" in italics, to intimate that he prefers the singular of the word). *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 249.

[133] *probable*] Here Walker queries "'*improbable*'? or can '*probable*' mean *plausible?*" [Yes.] *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 75.

Sec. Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

First Lord. I must go look my twigs:[134] he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

First Lord.[135] As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

Sec. Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I've done. She's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?

Sec. Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Florence. A room in the* Widow's *house.*

Enter HELENA *and* Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

(134) *look my twigs:*] *i.e.* look *for* (or *out*) my twigs. See note 61 on *As you like it.*

(135) First Lord.] The folios have "*Cap. G.*" (*i.e.* Sec. Lord); and also put wrong prefixes to the last two replies to Bertram in this scene.

First, give me trust, the county[136] is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again,
When I have found it. The county[137] woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolv'd[138] to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it;
Now his important blood will naught deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,

(136) *county*] The folio has "Count he."—"In like manner, *All's well*, &c., iii. 7,

'—— the Count he is my husband;
. . . . . .
'—— the Count he woos your daughter;'

read 'the *County* is,' &c., 'the *County* woos,' &c. In the very same scene we have 'A ring the *County* wears.' In v. 3, '*Count*' has been substituted for '*County*,' as the metre proves;

'Come hither, Count: do you know these women?'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 87.

(137) *county*] The folio has "Count he." See the preceding note.

(138) *Resolv'd*] The folio has "Resolue;" the second folio "Resolves."

Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,[139]
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With music[140] of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a wicked act;[141]
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine camp.*

Enter First French Lord,[142] *with five or six* Soldiers *in ambush.*

First Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will,—though you understand it not

(139) *this,*] Added in the second folio.

(140) *music*] The folio has "Musickes."—Corrected in the fourth folio.

(141) *wicked act;*] The folios have (by an accidental repetition) "lawfull *act.*"—"Certainly wrong." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 306.—"Read '*wicked*' with Warburton. But I reject his explanation, or at least vary from it. Helen's meaning was lawful, for she intended to lie with her husband; but her act was wicked, inasmuch as she deceived her husband and pretended to commit fornication." W. N. LETTSOM.—Qy. "lawless *act*"?

(142) *First French Lord,*] See note 101.

yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

First Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

First Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

First Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know[143] straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.—But couch, ho! here he comes,—to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: they begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

First Lord. [*aside*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, "Came you off with so little?" and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore,

143) *know*] Altered by Hanmer to "shew."

what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute,(144) if you prattle me into these perils.

First Lord. [*aside*] Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

First Lord. [*aside*] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

First Lord. [*aside*] 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped—

First Lord. [*aside*] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

First Lord. [*aside*] How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

First Lord. [*aside*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

First Lord. [*aside*] You shall hear one anon.

[*Alarum within.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

First Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom!—do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him.*

First Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment;
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French,(145) let him speak to me;
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado:—

(144) *Bajazet's mute,*] So Warburton.—The folio has "*Baiazeths* Mule."
(145) *Italian, or French,*] Qy. "French, or Italian"?

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kerelybonto:—sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray!—
Manka revania dulche.

First Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. *Acordo linta:*—
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.*

First Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.

First Lord. 'A will betray us all unto ourselves:—
Inform 'em that.[146]

Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.

First Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*

[146] *Inform 'em that.*] The folios have "*Informe* on *that*,"—"*i.e.*," says Mr. Collier, "Inform *of* that. Rowe substituted 'Inform 'em that,' without the slightest necessity." It appears to me that the context positively requires "*'em.*"

SCENE II. *Florence. A room in the* Widow's *house.*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that,—
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,[147]
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,

(147) *You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,*] Here Rowe (in his sec. ed.) altered "*barely*" to "basely."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "*You* merely [*i.e.* absolutely] *leave* us *thorns*," &c.

I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him.[148] Therefore your oaths[149]
Are words and poor conditions; but unseal'd,—
At least in my opinion.

[148] *If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,*
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him.]

This passage has called forth a great deal of conjecture.—"If [in the first line] it is read '*Love's*,' perhaps it may be something less difficult," observes Johnson. In the fourth line, continues Johnson, "I believe we may read 'To swear *to* him.' There is, says she, no *holding*, no consistency, in swearing to one that *I love him*, when I swear it only to *injure* him." "This appears to me a very probable conjecture." MALONE. "I feel convinced it is right. To *swear by* is far commoner than to *swear to*: hence the printer's error." W. N. LETTSOM.

[149] *Therefore your oaths*, &c.] "In the interview between Bertram and Diana, when Bertram has vowed eternal constancy to her if she will accede to his proposals, Diana, playing upon her name, reminds him indirectly that an oath has no holding when sworn in the name of a 'titled Goddess' (in this case the Goddess of Chastity), that he will 'work against' her, and concludes with

'Therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least in my opinion.'

What is the meaning of this passage? 'Poor' was often = *ignominious*, as in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Humorous Lieutenant,' ii. 2;

'Tis not to die we fear, but to die *poorly*.'

But what are 'words and conditions, *but* unseal'd'? The previous lines in Diana's speech are plain enough, when read with reference to her own name, although they have been often and hotly canvassed. I have given my quotation as I find it, with a little variation in the pointing, in most editions. Mr. Dyce alone appears to experience a difficulty, which he endeavours to surmount, as it would seem, by assuming an aposiopesis. He prints

'therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions; but unseal'd,—
At least in my opinion.'

Now, to seal an agreement, condition, or oath, was to ratify it, and (poetically) to put it into execution; as in 'Hamlet,' iii. 2;

'How in my *words* soever she be shent,
To give them *seals* never, my soul, consent.'

I can only conclude that Diana meant nothing more than that, inasmuch as Bertram's oaths had been sworn with an immoral purpose, they were

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou'rt mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make hopes, in such a case,
That we'll forsake ourselves.(150) Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.

far better left unperformed; and I submit that the obscurity of the passage may be readily cleared up by supposing the very easy misreading of 'but' for *best*. I propose

> 'therefore your oaths
> Are words and poor conditions, *best* unseal'd,—
> At least in my opinion.'

Let the reader consult the context. In 'Julius Cæsar,' i. 3, we have

> 'Good Cinna, take the paper,
> And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
> Where Brutus may *but* find it,'—

upon which Mr. Craik remarks, parenthetically, that 'but' may be a misprint for *best*. I, for one, am much obliged to Mr. Craik for his excellent suggestion, although it is true that 'but' may serve,—after a fashion." W. W. WILLIAMS, *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 849.

(150) *I see that men make hopes, in such a case,*
That we'll forsake ourselves.]

The folios have "*I see that men make* rope's *in such a* scarre," &c.,—which several critics have, each with a pure waste of ingenuity, attempted to explain.—Rowe gives "—— *hopes, in such* affairs;" Malone, "—— *hopes, in such a* scene;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "—— *hopes, in such a* suit;" and Mr. Singer, who, in his *Shakespeare*, 1826, printed "—— *hopes, in such a* war," has recently maintained (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 59) that "it is not necessary to change the word *scarre* at all; it here signifies any surprise or alarm, and what we should now write *a scare*"!—"This scene," says the late Mr. W. W. Williams, "contains the great *crux* of this play, and an ocean of ink has been shed upon it. Bertram has contrived to obtain an interview with Diana, whom he hopes to make his mistress. Diana has consented to the meeting, in order to 'do a shrewd turn' to Helena, and enacts her part with great tact and cleverness. Bertram urges his suit with much impassioned rhetoric and protestation, and Diana shows herself a perfect mistress of logical fence in repelling his advances. Suddenly, however, and without any note of preparation or explanation, she appears to yield to his proposals, and begs a ring which he is wearing; while Bertram, accepting

Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathèd down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:

her assent, drops his previous language of respect, and addresses her in terms of familiarity. The dialogue stands thus in the folios 1623 and 1632;

'*Bertram.* Say thou art mine, and ever,
My love as it begins shall so persever.
Diana. I see that men *make rope's* in such a *scarre*,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Bertram. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.'

I need not detail all the corrections that have been offered of the seemingly inexplicable imbroglio in Diana's speech. 'Make ropes' is unintelligible; and 'scarre' (if there be such a word) has no meaning in this place. Most of the proposed emendations are recorded in the folio 'Shakespeare' by Mr. Halliwell, who adds that 'nothing has yet been written on this most difficult passage which is quite satisfactory, and I am inclined to believe that there is some very singular corruption that may continue to be a stumbling-block to the critics.' I should mention that 'make ropes' has been generally altered to *make hopes*, and 'scarre' to *affairs*, *scene*, *suit*, *war*, *case*, *snare*, &c. Now I would contend that sufficient consideration has not been given to the fact that Diana ought, in all propriety, to make some excuse to Bertram (and to the audience) for the abrupt change in her feelings and conduct,—some acknowledgment of his powers of persuasion, or some confession of her own impressibility. Surely some such admission underlies this grave corruption. May we not reasonably conclude that Diana, wishing to account for so suddenly abandoning the high principles she had the moment before advocated, would admit (by way of covering her retreat) that, in such encounters as she was then engaged in, women could not be expected to cope with men, but that the weaker sex were liable to be surprised, and that virtue would sometimes kick the beam? If this be so, may not Shakespeare have intended her to say,

'I see that men *may cope's* in such a *sorte*
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring'?

To 'cope,' in the sense of *to encounter*, occurs frequently in our author: note the passage in 'Othello,' act iv. sc. 1;

'Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,
He hath and is again *to cope* your wife.'

I may remark that 'ropes' is printed *rope's* in the earliest copies. Such abbreviations as 'cope's' for 'cope us' are abundant in Shakespeare's works, and 'in such a sorte' is his usual phrase for *in such a way* or *manner*. If it be objected that the future tense—'that *we'll* forsake ourselves'—is inconsistent with my reading, I would refer to Johnson's

My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathèd down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet-maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds

note, vol. xii. p. 402 of the 'Variorum.' I may not have rightly conjectured the drift of the dramatist, but I have at least not misrepresented his phraseology." *The Parthenon* for Sept. 6, 1862, p. 595.

We are told by Tieck and Mr. Knight that "*to make hopes*" is a very weak expression. But are they not mistaken in supposing it to be a mere periphrasis for *to hope?* does it not convey the idea of *inventing hopes?* As to the reading which I have substituted in the latter part of the line for the misprint of the old copy,—and which, I believe, was first proposed by the Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Magazine* for August 1844, p. 125,—it may be supported by the following passages from other plays of our author;

"You wrong'd yourself, to write *in such a case.*"
Julius Cæsar, act iv. sc. 3.

"as befits mine honour
To stoop *in such a case.*" *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. sc. 2.

"No, *in such a case* the gods will not be good unto us."
Coriolanus, act v. sc. 4.

"and, *in such cases*,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things," &c.
Othello, act iii. sc. 4.

"and, *in such a case* as mine, a man may strain courtesy."
Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. 4.—

Mr. Staunton reads "—— *hopes, in such a* snare."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note apud Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 76) conjectures "—— *hopes in such a* scape."

May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I've won by wooing[151] thee.
[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths: he has[152] sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Florentine camp.*

Enter the two French Lords[153] *and two or three* Soldiers.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

(151) *wooing*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "winning." He thinks that "*wooing*" was derived from "woo" three lines below.

(152) *has*] The folios read "had."—Capell prints "hath."

(153) the two *French Lords*] See note 101.—I may notice that I follow the modern editors in substituting "*First Lord*" for "Cap. G." throughout the present scene: otherwise the account of Bertram's having "perverted a young gentlewoman," &c., would fall to the wrong speaker: see the concluding part of the sixth scene of act iii. p. 263.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

First Lord. Now, God delay[154] our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends,[155] so he that

(154) *Now, God delay,* &c.] "The Second French Lord informs the First of Bertram's supposed intrigue with Diana; whereupon the latter exclaims,

'Now, God *delay* our rebellion: as we are ourselves, what things are we!'

What the kind of rebellion was to which the speaker alluded may be learned from v. 3, where the Countess begs the King to forgive her son's

> 'Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
> When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
> O'erbears it, and burns on.'

But it is not quite so clear why the First Lord should wish such rebellions to be delayed; as no advantage could arise from mere postponement, and the poet himself warns us that 'delays have dangerous ends.' The error probably originated in a very pardonable mishearing of the first two letters. I read—'Now, God *allay* our rebellion, &c.' [And so Hanmer.] To allay is to *abate;* see Shakespeare *passim:* and compare the passage last cited with 'Henry VIII.' i. 1;

> 'If with the sap of reason you would quench,
> Or but *allay,* the fire of *passion.*'

I should add, in respect of this correction (for such I must maintain it to be) that it has occurred to me rather as a recovered memory than as any notion of my own,—possibly because it is so obvious. I do not find it in the Variorum, or the editions I have consulted; but I may have met with it in some monograph or magazine. If it has been proposed elsewhere, I shall be glad to be told by whom. If it be urged that 'delay' (Fr. *délayer*) was originally the same as *allay,* I can only reply that, although Spenser may thus have used it, Shakespeare appears nowhere to have so employed it." W. W. WILLIAMS, *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 849.

(155) *till they attain to their abhorred ends,*] "This [altered by Hanmer to 'ere *they attain,*' &c.] may mean—They are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it." STEEVENS.

in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

First Lord. Is it not most damnable[156] in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not, then, have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company[157] anatomised, that he might take a measure of his own judgment,[158] wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence a[159] pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath; and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

(156) *most damnable*] The folio has "meant *damnable;*" which Malone and Mr. Stannton defend.—Mason proposes "mean and *damnable.*"—"'*Most* damnable,' of course." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 76. So Hanmer.

(157) *company*] Altered to "companion" by Hanmer; and rightly perhaps, for "*company*" may have been repeated by mistake from the First Lord's preceding speech: but the words were frequently used as synonymous; compare Peele's *Battle of Alcazar;*

"This traitor-tyrant and his *companies.*"
Works, p. 423, ed. Dyce, 1860.

(158) *judgment,*] The folios have "iudgements."

(159) *her pretence a*] The folios have "*her pretence* is *a.*"

First Lord. The stranger[160] part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed[161] by the rector of the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point,[162] to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now! where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king. [*Exit.*

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a

(160) *stranger*] So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. — The folio has "stronger."

(161) *which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed*] Here Mr. W. N. Lettsom would transpose "*is*" and "*was*."

(162) *point from point,*] Capell prints "*point* for *point*."

month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit model:[163] 'has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth [*Exeunt Soldiers*]:—'has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already,—the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a?

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, *with* PAROLLES *muffled.*

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me.

First Lord. Hush, hush![164] Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

[163] *model:*] Warburton substitutes "medal."

[164] *Hush, hush!*] In the folios this concludes the preceding speech. —Hanmer, and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 187), saw that it ought to commence the present one (though Hanmer retained only a single "*Hush*").

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em.

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

First Sold. You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [*reads*] "First demand of him how many horse' the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him.[165] What a past-saving slave is this!

First Lord. You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

Sec. Lord.[166] I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse', I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir.

[165] *All's one to him.*] In the folios this concludes the preceding speech.

[166] Sec. Lord.] "Qu. '*Bertram*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 187.

First Lord. A truth's a truth,—the rogues are marvellous poor.[167]

First Sold. [*reads*] "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to die this present hour,[168] I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian,[169] Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each:[170] so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

First Sold. Well, that's set down. [*Reads*] "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: 'a was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool

(167) *A truth's a truth,—the rogues are marvellous poor.*] These words are given to Parolles in the folios. But they undoubtedly belong, as Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 187) remarks, "to one of the Lords: so, just before, the First Lord says, 'He's very near the truth in this.'"

(168) *to die this present hour,*] The folios have "*to* liue *this present houre.*"—"Of course, '*die.*' Mira editorum ἀναισθησια!" says Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 76).—Hanmer gave "*to* live but *this present hour.*"

(169) *Guiltian,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 76) conjectures "*Julian*" [written "*Giulian*"].

(170) *Gratii, two hundred fifty each; . . . . . Bentii, two hundred fifty each:*] Qy. in both these places "—— and *fifty each*"? Just above is "Spurio, a hundred *and* fifty." But in such compound numbers we sometimes find the conjunction omitted.

with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay. [*First Lord lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship (171) anon.

First Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

First Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Sold. [*reads*]

"Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,"— (172)

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

(171) *lordship*] The folios have "Lord."

(172) "*Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,*"—] Here something seems to have dropt out, as in the subsequent verses there is no rhyme to "*gold.*"

First Sold. [*reads*]

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are but[173] to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when[174] he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by our[175] general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister:[176] for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for

[173] *but*] So Pope.—The folios have "not."
[174] *when*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "where."
[175] *our*] The folio has "your." (The third folio has "the:" but compare before "*Our* general," p. 279.)
[176] *He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister:*] "Perhaps means only this—'He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.'" JOHNSON.

he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, 'has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a cardecu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.[177]

First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

(177) *a perpetual succession for it perpetually.*] Some error here.—Hanmer altered "*for it*" to "*in it.*"

First Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*aside*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

First Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

First Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit with Soldiers.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.[178]
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Florence. A room in the* Widow's *house.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles;[179] to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you,[180] mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,[181]

(178) *found an ass.*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 76) says that perhaps a line is lost after these words.—I do not think so.

(179) *Marseilles;*] A trisyllable (as in the preceding play).—The folio has "Marcellæ;" the second folio "Marsellis."

(180) *you,*] The folio has "your."—Corrected in the fourth folio.

(181) *dower,*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "dow'rer:" but compare "*motive*" (*i.e.* mover) in the next line.

As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But, with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp.[182] We must away;
Our wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us;[183]
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

(182) *Yet, I pray you:*
But, with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp.]

Perhaps the passage admits of this explanation. Helena has just before said,

"You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions *yet must suffer*
Something in my behalf:"

to which Diana has replied,

"Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, *I am yours*
Upon your will *to suffer:*"

and Helena now continues, "*Yet, I pray you,*" *i.e.* For a while, I pray you, BE *mine to suffer:* "*but, with the word, the time will bring on summer,*" &c., *i.e.* but so quickly, that it may even be considered as here while we speak, the time will, &c.

(183) *time revives us:*] Hanmer prints "*time* reviles *us*" (which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives).—Warburton's emendation is "*time* revies *us;*" Johnson's and Heath's, "*time* invites *us.*" Mr. W. N. Lettsom believes that "*revives*" is right; but that here "*time*" has intruded from the third line above, and displaced some other word, perhaps "hope."

SCENE V. *Rousillon. A room in the house of the* Countess.

Enter Countess, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that[184] red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would he[185] had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs,[186] you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.[187]

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself,—a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

(184) *than by that*] Hanmer substituted "but for *that*."
(185) *he*] Hanmer's reading (suggested in Theobald's letters to Warburton); which was unknown to Mason when he recommended the same alteration.—The folio has "I" (a mistake originating in the "I" immediately above).
(186) *salad-herbs,*] So Rowe.—The folios have merely "hearbes."
(187) *grass.*] The folios have "grace."

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name;[188] but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, since[189] he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no place,[190] but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the

[188] *name;*] So Rowe.—The folios have "maine" and "mean."
[189] *since*] The folios have "sure."—Corrected by Hanmer.—Capell reads "for."
[190] *place,*] So Hanmer.—The folios have "pace."

king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose:[191] his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar[192] nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

[191] *propose:*] "Perhaps i. q. '*purpose.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 77.

[192] *A scar,* &c.] The second folio rightly gives this speech to the Countess; the first folio gives it to Lafeu.—"It is more probable that she should have spoken thus favourably of Bertram than Lafeu. In the original copy, to each of the speeches of the Countess, *Lad.* or *La.* [*i.e.* Lady] is prefixed; so that the mistake was very easy." MALONE.

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Marseilles. A street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two* Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But, since you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you.—In happy time;—

Enter a Gentleman.[193]

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fall'n
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues;[194] for the which
I shall continue thankful.

[193] Enter a *Gentleman.*] The folio has "*Enter a* gentle Astringer;" and Steevens (who had once supposed that we ought to read "'*Enter a* gentle stranger,' *i.e.* a stranger of gentle condition, a gentleman") informs us that "*a* gentle Astringer" means "a gentleman falconer."—The second folio has "*Enter a* gentle Astranger;" of which, by a very easy process, the third folio makes "*Enter a Gentleman* a stranger."

I am content to give (with Rowe, Theobald, &c.) "*Enter a Gentleman,*"—the rather because the folio throughout this scene prefixes "*Gent.*" to his speeches, and in scene iii. announces his second appearance by "*Enter a Gentleman.*"

[194] *virtues;*] "Read, I think, '*virtue.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 252.

Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir!
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again:—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The inner court of the house of the* Countess.

Enter Clown *and* PAROLLES.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache,[195] give my Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you,

[195] *Lavache,*] The folios have "Lauatch,"—"an undoubted and perhaps irremediable corruption of some French word." STEEVENS.—"Evidently '*Lavache.*'" TOLLET.

when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, mudded in Fortune's mood,[196] and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prithee, stand away: a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat,[197]—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is mudded withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes[198] of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is

(196) *mudded in Fortune's mood,*] Theobald altered "*mood*" to "moat:" but a quibble between *mood* and *mud* is intended here,—the words having been formerly pronounced nearly alike. (I may add that in this passage the spelling of the folio is "*muddied;*" but in *The Tempest* it has "with him there lye *mudded*," act iii. sc. 3, and "*mudded* in that oo-zie bed," act v. sc. 1.)

(197) *a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat,*] "We should read '—— or Fortune's cat;' and, indeed, I believe there is an error in the former part of the sentence, and that we ought to read 'a *puss* of Fortune's,' instead of '*pur.*'" MASON,—who did not know that he had been anticipated in the first of his proposed alterations.

(198) *similes*] The folios have "smiles."—Corrected by Warburton.—"Of course, '*similes.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 77.

a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?[199] There's a cardecu for you: let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word, then.[200]—Cox' my passion! give me your hand:—how does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in the house of the* Countess.

Flourish. *Enter* King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

(199) *her?*] Added in the second folio.

(200) Par. *My name, my good lord, is Parolles.*
Laf. *You beg more than one word, then.*]

"A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French is plural, and signifies words: '*one*,' which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unnecessarily [?], by the editor of the third folio." MALONE. Compare what Parolles has said a little before,—"I beseech your honour to hear me *one single word*."

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;[201]
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbear it, and burn on.
King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high-bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.
King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—
We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition:—let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.
First Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*
King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

(201) *the blaze of youth;*] So Warburton.—The folios have "*the* blade *of youth.*"—"This very probable emendation ['*blaze*'] was first proposed by Mr. Theobald, who has produced these two passages in support of it;

'I do know,
When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These *blazes*,' &c. *Hamlet;*

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida;*

'For Hector, in his *blaze* of wrath,' &c." MALONE.

"In *Hamlet* we have also '*flaming* youth;' and in the present comedy, 'the quick *fire* of youth.'" STEEVENS.

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I've letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM, *with* First Gentleman.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumèd time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful pérspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour[202] offence,

(202) *sour*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "sore."

Crying, "That's good that's gone." Our rasher faults[203]
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our old[204] love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse![205]

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—[*Bertram gives a ring to Lafeu.*
By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last time, ere she took her leave at court,[206]
I saw upon her finger.

(203) *Our rasher faults*] The folios have "*Our* rash *faults*."—Capell printed "*Our* own rash *faults*."—I adopt the correction of Mr. W. N. Lettsom; who compares "the *truer* office of mine eyes," p. 306.

(204) *old*] So Mason and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folios have "owne."

(205) Count. *Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!*
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!]

In the folios the prefix to this couplet is wanting. Here most editors substitute "cease" for the archaism "*cesse*," which the rhyme requires.

(206) *The last time, ere she took her leave at court,*] The folio has "*The last* that *ere I tooke her leaue at Court;*" and so Malone and Mr. Grant White; and so too Theobald, Capell, Mr. Staunton, and the Cambridge Editors, except that they print "e'er" instead of "*ere.*"—Rowe gave "*The last* that e'er *she took her leave at court;*" Hanmer, "*The last time* e'er *she took her leave at court;*" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, except that he reads "*ere*" instead of "e'er."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes on this passage; "'The last that' cannot possibly mean 'the last *time* that:' if it means anything, it must mean 'the last *ring* that.' Nor is it English to say 'take a person's leave' for 'take leave of a person.' Nor are we anywhere told that Lafeu took leave of Helen at court; nor could he by any possibility have done so more than once. '*That*' is certainly an intruder; the word occurs three times a little above.; but

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I've seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd:[207] but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavy satisfaction,[208] and would never
Receive the ring again.

'*time*' does not seem a fit substitute. '*I*' has in the like manner crept in from the line below, no doubt displacing '*she*.' (Compare ii. 4, 'That you will take your instant leave o' the king.') I would therefore read 'The last *eve*, ere *she* took her leave at court,' *i.e.* the last eve that we met, just before she, &c. The last evening on which Lafeu and Helen could have seen each other, was the evening on which Helen was married, had her final audience of the king, and departed from the court."—After all, I believe "*time*" may stand not unfitly in the present passage; which, with that reading, is not looser in expression than sundry other passages throughout these plays.

[207] *engag'd:*] This word is spelt in the folios "ingag'd;" which Tyrwhitt and Malone explain in the sense of "unengaged."—Theobald printed "ungag'd."—"The plain meaning is, when she saw me receive the ring, she thought me *engaged* to her." JOHNSON.

[208] *satisfaction,*] See note on the passage of *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1;

> "Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
> Will he be satisfied."

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,—
Where you have never come,—or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural[209] fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards seize Bertram.*
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him!—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,

(209) *conjectural*] The folio has "connecturall."—Corrected in the second folio.

Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*reads*] "Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPULET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.(210)

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go speedily and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.*

(210) *I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.*] So the first folio.—The second folio has "—— *and toule* him *for this*," &c.—"The second reading, Dr. Percy suggests, may imply, 'I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair; *toul* him, *i.e.* enter him on the *toul* or *toll*-book, to prove I came honestly by him, and ascertain my title to him.' In a play called *The Famous History of Tho. Stukely*, 1605, is an allusion to this custom;

'*Gov.* I will be answerable to thee for thy *horses*.
Stuk. Dost thou keep a *tole-booth?* zounds, dost thou make a *horse-courser* of me?'

Again, in *Hudibras*, Part ii. C. 1;

'—— a roan gelding . . . . . .
. . . . . .
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market *toll'd* for.'

Alluding (as Dr. Grey observes) to the two statutes relating to the sale of horses, 2 and 3 Phil. and Mary, and 31 Eliz. c. 12, and publicly *tolling* the [illegible] in fairs, to prevent the sale of such as were stolen, and to preserve the [illegible]roperty to the right owner." STEEVENS.

I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.
Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives[211] are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* Widow *and* DIANA.

What woman's that?
Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derivèd from the ancient Capulet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring;
And both shall cease, without your remedy.
King. Come hither, county:[212] do you know these women?
Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.
Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,—
Either both or none.
Laf. [*to Bertram*] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.
Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness

[211] *I wonder, sir, sith wives*] The folios have "*I wonder, sir*, sir, *wives.*"
[212] *county:*] The folio has "count."—See note 136.

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:[213]
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Ber. What of him?

(213) *He blushes, and 'tis his:*] The folios have "—— *'tis* hit;" and in my former edition, misled by the remarks of Horne Tooke, who compares this passage with that of *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 5, as given in the folio,—

> "Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
> Th' effect, and *hit*,"

(see *Diversions of Purley*, vol. ii. pp. 55, 56, ed. 1829),—I printed "—— *'tis* it:" but here at least the context decides that "hit" is a mistake for "*his*."

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debauch'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,(214)
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;

(214) *Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,*] So Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 80), and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folios have "*Her* insuite comming *with her moderne grace.*"—But the late Mr. W. W. Williams thinks that the line is not yet sufficiently amended: he remarks on it thus; "In the folio we have 'insuite comming' for *infinite cunning*,—the felicitous restoration of Mr. Sidney Walker. Heath, puzzled by 'insuite comming,' and being as much perplexed by 'modern' as myself, proposed one of the most slashing alterations upon record;

> 'Her *own suit, joining* with her *mother's, scarce*
> Subdued me to her rate.'

Now I am aware that I may incur the imputation of being afflicted with a *pruritus emendandi*, when I state my conviction that there is even further corruption in this line than was suspected by Mr. Walker; but this I cannot help, and must not care for. What are we to understand by '*modern* grace'? Johnson tells us explicitly that, in Shakespeare, 'modern' has the signification of *vulgar, mean, common*. Malone makes it = *common, ordinary;* and Mr. Walker, *trivial, every-day*. That such was its early meaning we may learn from this play, ii. 3, where we hear of 'philosophical persons, to make *modern* and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.' Could such an epithet be, under any circumstances, applicable to *grace* (it would be preposterous, in this case, to suppose an oxymoron), and, if it could, would 'modern grace' convey the evident purport of Bertram's explanation of his conduct? Assuredly not; and I think this is sufficiently shown by the shifts Mr. Walker was put to, when paraphrasing the passage:—'by dint of a vast deal of cunning, and a moderate share of commonplace beauty, she succeeded in bringing me to her terms.' Could Bertram wish it to be believed that he had been betrayed by a woman of but commonplace attractions?—a fact which would increase, rather than diminish, his culpability in the eyes of the King. Nor does he speak of beauty; for Diana is present to give more pertinent evidence in that particular. It was to

And I had that which an inferior[215] might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You, that turn'd off[216] a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,—
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story, then, goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

ausible and hypocritical *demeanour* that Bertram would pretend
e fell a victim. I read

'Her infinite cunning, with her *modest* grace,
Subdued me to her rate,'—

, if it be objected that modest grace is nothing else than graceful
esty, and cannot be received for affected grace or assumed modesty
hough such irony is of constant occurrence), I would refer to
amlet,' i. 3, where Polonius speaks of lovers' vows as

'Breathing like sanctified and *pious bawds*,
The better to *beguile*.'

In B. and F.'s 'Custom of the Country' we have

'had she dealt
But with that *seeming modesty* she might,
And flung a little *art* upon her ardor,' &c.—

these dramatists describing in their manner what Shakespeare chose to give us in his own. My only doubt as to my reading arises from the fact that Sidney Walker—the *facile princeps* of Shakespearian scholars—took no exception to 'modern grace:' but Walker was not infallible." *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 849.

(215) *an inferior*] The folios have "any *inferiour*."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 255) remarks that "'*any* inferior' is not in Shakespeare's way," and proposes "*my inferior*." Afterwards, in the same work (vol. iii. p. 80), he says, "I believe we should read '*an*,' or perhaps '*my*,' for '*any*.'"—In the line of *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i. sc. 1 (vol. ii. p. 162),

"Why should I joy in an abortive birth?"

the old eds. have "—— *in* any *abortive birth*."

(216) *that turn'd off*] The folios have "*that* haue *turn'd off*."

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—

Enter PAROLLES, *with* Attendant.

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah,—but tell me true,[217] I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,—
By him and by this woman here what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a w

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—Wha equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's comman

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say

(217) *Tell me, sirrah,—but tell me true,*] "Surely, 'Tell me,—*but sirrah*, tell me true.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 248.

hey are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; herefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Ay, my good lord.

[illegible] did you buy it? or who gave it you?

[illegible]. It w[illegible] not given me, nor I did not buy it.

[illegible]. Who lent it you?

[illegible]. It was not lent me neither.

[illegible]. Where did you find it, then?

I found it not.

[illegible]. If [illegible] were yours by none of all these ways,

[illegible]uld y[illegible] give it him?

I never gave't him.

[illegible] this woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off [illegible] at pleasure.

[illegible]. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

[illegible]. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

[illegible]. Take her away; I do not like her now;

[illegible] with her: and away with him.—

[illegible] thou [illegible]'st me where thou hadst this ring,

[illegible] diest within this hour.

I'll never tell you.

[illegible]. Take her away.

I'll put in bail, my liege.

[illegible]. I think thee now some common customer.

[illegible]. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.(218)

[illegible]. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

[illegible]. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:

[illegible]ows(219) I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;

[illegible]ear I am a maid, and he knows not.

[illegible]king, I am no strumpet, by my life;

[illegible]her maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to Lafeu.*

(218) *By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.*] "To Lafeu." HANMER. —"Turning to Lafeu? See just below;

'I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 81.

(219) *knows*] "'To *know*,' *seems* to be used in more than one passage of this play in the sense of *opinari*, as its sister γνῶναι sometimes is." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 81.

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir:
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety be. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both:—O, pardon!
Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are[220] by me with child, &c." This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O my dear mother, do I see you living?
Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:—
[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so,
I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee:
let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

[220] *are*] The folios have "is."

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncroppèd flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and[221] less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish.*

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [*Exeunt.*

[221] *and*] So the folios; which I mention because the Cambridge Editors print "or" as the original reading.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

TWELFTH-NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—John Manningham, in his autograph *Diary* (preserved in the British Museum,—Harl. Mss. 5353), informs us that he saw *Twelfth-Night* performed at the Middle Temple; and though I have already cited the said memorandum in the Memoir of Shakespeare, it cannot well be omitted here: "1601[-2]. Feb. 2. At our feast wee had a play called *Twelve Night, or What you Will*, much like the Commedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward beleeve his lady widdowe* was in love with him, by counterfayting a lettre, as from his lady, in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad," &c. If this entry (first quoted by Mr. Collier in his *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*) does not determine that *Twelfth-Night* was a new play when Manningham saw it acted at the Middle Temple, there is at least good reason to conclude that it was originally produced in the period between 1598 and February 1602, since Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c., which was published during the former year, makes no mention of it in his list of dramas by our author (see the Memoir of Shakespeare). *Twelfth-Night* was most probably composed about 1600.—According to Steevens, the passage in act iii. sc. 2, "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies," contains "a clear allusion to a map engraved for Linschoten's Voyages, an English translation of which was published in 1598. This map is *multilineal* in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included." It is possible, however, that Maria may be speaking, not of a map belonging to a book (and Linschoten's *Discours of Voyages* abounds in maps), but of some separate map.—Till the discovery of the above-cited entry in Manningham's *Diary* had turned the attention of Shakespeare's critics to the Italian theatre, it was generally supposed that he was indebted for the serious incidents of *Twelfth-Night* to (what he doubtless had read) "*The Historie of Apolonius and Silla*," the second tale in Barnabe Riche's *Farewell to Militarie Profession*, &c., first printed in 1581; the materials of which "*historie*" may be traced to Bandello, *Parte Seconda, Novella* 36,—"*Nicuola innamorata di Lattantio và a servirlo vestita da paggio, e dopo molti casi seco si marita; e ciò che ad un suo fratello avenne;*" but Riche perhaps was acquainted with Bandello's novel merely from the abridged translation of it in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, &c.—Though Manningham notices only a single play "called *Inganni*," there are two Italian comedies with the title *Gl' Inganni*, earlier in date than *Twelfth-Night*, and both founded on the novel of Bandello just mentioned; the one (*commedia recitata in Milano l' anno* 1547 *dinanzi la Maestà del Re Filippo*) written by Niccolò Secchi, and printed (qy. if for the first time?) in 1562; the other written by Curzio Gonzaga, and printed in 1592. "Both these," observes Mr. Hunter, "it may seem were read by Shakespeare when he was engaged on this play. In both he found a brother and a sister, the latter clothed in man's attire, and bearing to each other so near a resemblance as to produce entertaining

* See note on the words "Am I made?" in act iii. sc. 4.

embarrassments, which is the pivot on which the main incidents in the serious part of the *Twelfth-Night* turn. The name assumed by the lady in disguise in Gonzaga's play is *Cesare*, which will easily be admitted to have suggested the name *Cæsario* in Shakespeare adopted by Viola in her disguise. Beyond this, however, the resemblance is not striking. . . . . Shakespeare can hardly be said to have been indebted to Secchi's play for a single passage in the dialogue, or a single situation in the acting [action]." *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 391-2. But there is also an Italian comedy of the *Accademici Intronati*, entitled *Gl' Ingannati (commedia celebrata ne' Giuochi del Carnevale in Siena l' anno* 1531 *sotto il Sodo dignissimo Archintronato)*, first printed (if Allacci be right,—see his *Dramaturgia*, ed. 1755, sub "*Il Sacrifizio*") in 1537, and having for its general title *Il Sacrificio* (for an explanation of which title, see *id.* sub "*Gl' Ingannati*"). "That it was on the model of this play," continues Mr. Hunter, "and not on any of the *Inganni*s, that Shakespeare formed the plan of the serious parts of the *Twelfth-Night*, will appear evidently by the following analysis of the main parts of the story. Fabritio and Lelia, a brother and sister, are separated at the sack of Rome in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena, where resides Flamineo, to whom she had formerly been attached. Lelia disguises herself as a boy, and enters his service. Flamineo had forgotten Lelia, and was a suitor to Isabella, a Modenese lady. Lelia, in her male attire, is employed in love-embassies from Flamineo to Isabella. Isabella is insensible to the importunities of Flamineo, but conceives a violent passion for Lelia, mistaking her for a man. In the third act Fabritio arrives at Modena, when mistakes arise owing to the close resemblance there is between Fabritio and his sister in her male attire. Ultimately recognitions take place: the affections of Isabella are easily transferred from Lelia to Fabritio, and Flamineo takes to his bosom the affectionate and faithful Lelia. . . . . We have in the Italian play a subordinate character, named Pasquella, to whom Maria corresponds; and in the subordinate incidents we find Fabritio mistaken in the street for Lelia by the servant of Isabella, who takes him to her mistress's house, exactly as Sebastian is taken for Viola, and led to the house of Olivia. . . . . The name of *Fabian* given by Shakespeare to one of his characters was probably suggested to him by the name of *Fabio*, which Lelia in the Italian play assumed in her disguise. *Malvolio* is a happy adaptation from *Malevolti*, a character in the *Il Sacrificio*. A phrase occurring in a long prologue or preface prefixed to this play in the Italian ["*la notte di Beffana*"] appears to me to have suggested the title *Twelfth-Night*," &c. *Id.* pp. 393-6. The resemblance in certain particulars between these Italian comedies—especially *Gl' Ingannati*—and *Twelfth-Night* is, therefore, fully proved: but it by no means follows that the foreign originals were used by Shakespeare; and, indeed, I suspect that his knowledge of Italian was small. Much of the lighter literature of his time,—many a printed tale and many a manuscript play,—has long ago perished; and among them may have been some piece translated or imitated from the Italian, which supplied him with materials for the serious parts of *Twelfth-Night*.—The comic portions of it are, as far as we know, unborrowed. (The earliest edition of Riche's *Farewell to Militarie Profession*, &c., 1581, containing *The Historie of Apolonius and Silla*, was reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1846.)

1863. Since I wrote the preceding account, a little volume has appeared, entitled *Gl' Ingannati. The Deceived: A Comedy performed at Siena in* 1531, [translated into English], &c. *By T. L. Peacock.* 1862.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman.
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, Clown, } servants to Olivia.

OLIVIA, a countess.*
VIOLA, sister to Sebastian.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE—*A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.*

* So called in act ii. sc. 3 and act v. sc. 1.

TWELFTH-NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter Duke, Lords, *and* CURIO; Musicians *attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again!—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,[1]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!—Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

(1) *south,*] So Pope (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "sound."

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;[2]
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years hence,[3]
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veilèd walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd—
Her sweet perfections[4]—with one self king!—

(2) *That instant was I turn'd into a hart,* &c.] Compare Petrarch;

"Vero dirò, forse e' parrà menzogna,
Ch' i' sentì' trarmi della propria immago,
Ed in un cervo solitario, e vago
Di selva in selva, ratto mi trasformo,
Ed ancor de' miei can fuggo lo stormo." *Canzone I.*

(3) *hence,*] The folios have "heate;" which, whether we take it as a participle or a substantive, is equally absurd.—Rowe (in his sec. ed.) made the correction.—The compositor of the first folio evidently mistook *nc* for *at.*

(4) *Her sweet perfections*] Capell printed "*Her sweet* perfection;" and so Mr. Staunton; understanding the word "perfection" to mean her husband,—that which renders woman perfect: but surely the epithet

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, *and* Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is[5] Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd:—what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and this[6] poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice—
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

"*sweet*" is opposed to such an interpretation.—Mr. Grant White compares "All her *perfections* challenge sovereignty." *Third Part of King Henry VI.* act iii. sc. 2.—Here "*perfections*" is a quadrisyllable.

(5) *This is*] An interpolation!

(6) *this*] So Capell; and so Malone proposed to read, observing that "the sailors who were saved enter with the Captain."—The folios have "those."

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear loss,[7]
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.[8]

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

(7) . . . . . *the love of fair Olivia.*
. . . . . .
. . . . *for whose dear loss,*]

The folios have "*for whose deere* loue."—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 285); and his emendation is made certain by other passages of Shakespeare;

"and, portable
To make the *dear loss,*" &c.
The Tempest, act v. sc. 1.

"Were never orphans had so *dear* a *loss.*"
King Richard III. act ii. sc. 2.

"Their *dear loss,*
The more of you 'twas felt," &c.
Cymbeline, act v. sc. 5.

(8) *she hath abjur'd the company*
And sight of men.]

So Hanmer.—The folios have

"*she hath abiur'd the* sight
And company *of men.*"

But Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 285) "doubts Hanmer's transposition," and asks "Is not something lost" in the first of these lines?

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close-in pollution, yet of thee
I will [9] believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in Olivia's house.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these

(9) *will*] "'*Well*,' I imagine." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 83.

boots too,—an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all most natural:[10] for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coistrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano volto;*[11] for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch,—how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

(10) *all most natural:*] So Upton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector). —The folios have "almost *naturall.*"—("*most natural,*" *i.e.* most like a natural fool.)

(11) volto;] So Warburton.—The folios have "*vulgo.*"

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: "accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her[12] part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have: and here's my hand.

Mar. Now,[13] sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you saw[14] canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no

(12) *her*] Added in the third folio.

(13) *Now*] "Surely 'Nay.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 84.

(14) *saw*] The folios have "see."—Vide note 91 on *The Comedy of Errors*.

more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.(15)

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.(16)

(15) *curl by nature.*] Theobald's emendation (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folios have "coole my *nature*."

(16) *an old man.*] Theobald, in a letter to Warburton, proposes to read "a nobleman;" and so too Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 287), remarking that "Sir Andrew has just been speaking of the Count Orsino as a rival whom he cannot pretend to cope with; so that the allusion to a nobleman is most natural."

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock.[17] Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper [*Sir And. dances*]: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *An apartment in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

[17] *a flame-coloured stock.*] So Rowe (in his see. ed.).—The folios have "*a* dam'd *colour'd stocke.*"—Mr. Knight prints "*a* damask-*coloured stock.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes it "*a* dun-*coloured stock.*"

Enter Duke, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?
Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.
Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixèd foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith!
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspéct.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound;[18]
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company:—prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

[18] *shrill in sound;*] Anon. conjecture.—The folios have "*shrill,* and *sound;*" which Mr. W. N. Lettsom thinks is right, understanding "*sound*" to mean "clear, not cracked."

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady:—[*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of,—I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away,—is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove

fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

Enter OLIVIA *and* MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue: if that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much to say as,[19] I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

(19) *that's as much to say as,*] Mr. Collier, who prints "*that's as much, as to say,*" tells us that here in the old copies "*as*" is misplaced: yet in *Sec. Part of King Henry VI.* act iv. sc. 2, he gives, with the old copies, "which *is as much to say as,*—let the magistrates," &c.—Both forms were used.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better[20] than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

(20) *these wise men,* . . . . *no better*]

Qy. (with Hanmer) "those *wise men*"?—Capell, Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and Mr. Grant White read "to be *no better*."

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool,—whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here comes[21] one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring'!—How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink,—he's drowned: go, look after him.

(21) *here comes*] The folios have "*heere* he *comes.*" (The Cambridge Editors, unwilling to part with a blunder of the old copy, give the passage in a fashion which would have surprised Shakespeare; "for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin," &c.)

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. 'Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en[22] standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

(22) *e'en*] So Capell.—The folios have "in." (The words are frequently confounded in early books.)

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for, what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be mad,[23] be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. —Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

[23] *If you be mad,*] The folios have "*If you be* not *mad.*"—Mr. Staunton proposes, and Mr. Collier prints, "*If you be* but *mad;*" which is very unsatisfactory.—Mason, whose emendation I adopt, observes that here "*be mad*" is opposed to "*have reason.*"

Vio. I am a messenger.[24]

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit Maria.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present:[25] is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

(24) Vio. . . . *Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.*
Oli. *Tell me your mind.*
Vio. *I am a messenger.*]

The folios (from which perhaps something more than prefixes has dropped out) make the whole of the above run on as one speech; "*Vio.* . . . some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger." I adopt here Warburton's distribution of the dialogue; what has been urged against it by Mr. Collier (*ad l.*) and by Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 402) having only tended to strengthen my conviction that "*Tell me your mind*" cannot possibly belong to Viola. (With respect to "*I am a messenger*," Mason remarks that, "as *a messenger*, Viola was not to speak her own mind, but that of her employer.")

(25) *such a one I was this present:*] Has been variously altered; but I believe the old text to be right.

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will:—as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are,—you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.[26]

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant;
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

[26] *With adorations, with fertile tears,*
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.]

In the first line the folios omit the second "*with;*" a mistake, as the context (to say nothing of the metre) shows plainly.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 84) thinks that "a word or words are lost before '*adorations.*'"

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. "What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee fivefold blazon:—not too fast;—
Soft, soft!—
Unless the master were the man.—How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,

Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be,—and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled

me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that,[27] yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble!

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

(27) *but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that,*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*but, though I could not with* self-estimation wander so far to *believe that;*" and Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector gives "*but, though I could not, with such* estimators, wander *overfar* to *believe that.*"—The late Mr. W. W. Williams (under the signature W. D.) writes thus in *The Literary Gazette* for March 29, 1862, p. 310); "I would submit that, if Sebastian's speech be read carefully, it will require no long pondering to perceive that he is modestly deprecating any comparison of himself with such a beautiful girl as his sister. If this be the purport of the words—and there can hardly be a doubt about it—the simple insertion of the indefinite article will meet all the necessities of the case. Read as follows, and all difficulty vanishes; 'A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not, with such *an* estimable wonder [*i.e.* when compared with such an admirable woman], overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.'"

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took no ring of me;[28]—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,[29]
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man:—if it be so,—as 'tis,—
Poor lady, she were better love her dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

[28] *She took no ring of me;*] So Malone proposed to read; and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folios have "*She tooke* the *Ring of me;*" which I formerly retained. I now think it quite wrong, and that what has been said in defence of it is ridiculously over-subtle.

[29] *That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,*] The folio has "*That me thought her eyes,*" &c.—The editor of the second folio printed, for the metre, "*That* sure *methought,*" &c. ("*Sure,* in the present instance, is not very likely to have been the word omitted in the first copy, being found in the next line but one." MALONE.)—I follow Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification,* &c., p. 279; where he cites from Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals,* "Yields, *as methinks,* this day a deader sound").

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.(30)
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,
As she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.(31)
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now, alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere,** thou knowest,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can.

(30) *Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!*
For such as we are made of, such we be.]

The folios have

"*Alas*, O [sec. folio *our*] *frailtie is the cause, not wee,*
For such as we are made, if *such we bee.*"

Hanmer printed "*For such as we are made*, ev'n *such we be.*"

(31) *And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,*
As she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.]

The folios have "And *she (mistaken)*," &c.; the "And" being, no doubt, repeated by mistake from the line above.

* *diluculo surgere*] "*Saluberrimum est.* This adage our author found in Lily's *Grammar*, p. 51." MALONE.

To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life[32] consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar: let us therefore eat and drink. —Maria,[33] I say! a stoop of wine!

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Enter Clown.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of We Three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—[34]

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

(32) *life*] The folios have "liues."

(33) *Maria,*] The folios have "Marian."

(34) *if one knight give a—*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector completes this speech thus; "*if one knight give* away sixpence, so will I give another: go to, a song."—Mr. Singer proposes "*if one knight give*, another should."

Song.

Clo. O mistress mine,* where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true-love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog[35] at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."†

* *O mistress mine*, &c.] "This tune is contained in both the editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599 and 1611. It is also in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Byrd. As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth-Night* was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, *O mistress mine* was an old song, introduced into the play." [The latter supposition is doubtless the true one.] Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c., vol. i. p. 209, sec. ed.

(35) *I am dog*] The third folio has "*I am* a *dog*" (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector),—against the usual formula: see the passages cited by Mr. Halliwell *ad l.*, which have "*I'm old dogg* at that," &c., "*I am dog* at this," &c.

† "*Thou knave.*"] This catch is extant in Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609. The words are;

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in't to call the knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing the catch.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey,* and "Three merry men be we." † Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally, lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady! ‡

[*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and

"Hold thy peace, and I prithee hold thy peace,
Thou knave, thou knave! hold thy peace, thou knave!"

"It appears to be so contrived," says Sir John Hawkins, "as that each of the singers calls the other *knave* in turn."

* *Peg-a-Ramsey*] "There are two tunes under the name of *Peg-a-Ramsey*, and both as old as Shakespeare's time. The first is called *Peg-a-Ramsey* in William Ballet's Lute Book, and is given by Sir John Hawkins as the tune quoted in *Twelfth-Night*. He says 'Peggy Ramsey is the name of some old song;' but, as usual, does not cite his authority. It is mentioned as a dance-tune by Nashe. . . . . 'Little Pegge of Ramsie' is one of the tunes in a manuscript by Dr. Bull, which formed a part of Dr. Pepusch's, and afterwards of Dr. Kitchener's library. Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire, was formerly an important town, and called 'Ramsey the rich,' before the destruction of its abbey," &c. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c., vol. i. p. 218, sec. ed.

† "*Three merry men be we.*"] "The tune is contained in a Ms. commonplace book, in the handwriting of John Playford, the publisher of *The Dancing Master*, in the possession of the Hon. George O'Callaghan. The words are also in Peele's *The Old Wives' Tale*, 1595" [Peele's *Works*, p. 445, ed. Dyce, 1861], &c. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c., vol. i. p. 216, sec. ed.—"This is a conclusion common to many old songs." HAWKINS.

‡ *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*] "The ballad of *Susanna*, from whence this line is taken, was licensed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of *The Goodly and Constant Wyfe Susanna*." T. WARTON. See Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 220, ed. 1794.

so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—* [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cosiers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Snick-up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone,† [*Singing.*(36)

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done. [*Singing.*

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die. [*Singing.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

* *O, the twelfth day of December,*—] The beginning of some ballad now lost.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 104) would read "*O' th' twelfth* [*i.e.* On the twelfth]," &c.

† *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*] This line, and the snatches which follow, are quotations (a good deal altered, to suit the purpose of the singers) from a ballad in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights*, and in Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 221, ed. 1794.

(36) *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.* [Singing.]

In the folios this line, and "*His eyes do show*," &c., and "*But I will never die*," are not marked as sung (that is, they are not in italic type): but it is evident that Sir Toby and the Clown were intended to *sing these* as well as the verses which presently follow, "*Shall I bid him go*," &c.; all being quotations (slightly altered) from the same ballad.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What an if you do? [*Singing.*

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not? [*Singing.*

Clo. O, no, no, no, no, you dare not. [*Singing.*

Sir To. Out o' time, sir? ye lie.[37]—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field,[38] and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir And. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.[39]

(37) *Out o' time, sir? ye lie.*] So Theobald.—The folios have "*Out o' tune*," &c.: but see, in the preceding page, "We did keep *time*, sir," &c. (The whole of this is obviously spoken to Malvolio: yet Mr. Collier, who retains the old reading, and gives a new punctuation to the passage, tells us; "all that Sir Toby means is, that the Clown had sung out of tune. 'Sir, ye lie,' is addressed to Malvolio for the purpose of affronting him"! *The Clown* would hardly *sing out of tune;* he is *the* singer of the play: see pp. 337, 344, 398.)

(38) *challenge him the field,*] Has been altered to "*challenge him* to *the field*,"—improperly.

(39) *Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.*] Given in the folios to *Sir Toby*.—"Surely Sir Toby needed no information respecting Malvolio. Rather *Sir Andrew*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 188.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths:[40] the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir To. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.[41]

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make

(40) *swaths:*] Here the folios have (the less proper spelling) "swarths;" but in *Troilus and Cressida*, act v. sc. 5, we find "the mower's *swath*."

(41) *And your horse now would make him an ass.*
Mar. *Ass, I doubt not.*]

To the first of these speeches the folios prefix "*An.*"—That it belongs to Sir Toby was first seen by Tyrwhitt (who would also give the next speech but one to Sir Toby).—"Is there a pun here; '*As* I doubt not'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 85.

a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea. [*Exit Maria.*

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *An apartment in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music:—now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste,[42] the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

(42) *Feste,*] "Ought perhaps to be '*Festo.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 2.

Duke. Seek him out:[43]—and play the tune the while.
[*Exit Curio. Music.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,—
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.
Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;—
Hath it not, boy?
Vio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,[44]
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so,—
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

(43) *Seek him out:*] Capell printed "Go, *seek him out*,"—which most probably the author wrote.
(44) *won,*] So Hanmer, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folios have "worne."

Re-enter CURIO *with* Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

Song.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away,[45] breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true-love[46] never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.[47]

([45]) *Fly away, fly away,*] The folios have "Fye *away*, fie *away*."
([46]) *true-love*] The folios have "*true* louer."—Corrected by Capell.
([47]) Duke. *Give me now leave to leave thee.*] Is not this a courteous form of dismissal?—Mr. Harness and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitute "I *give* thee *now leave to leave* me."

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt Curio and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that Fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.[48]

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady—as, perhaps, there is—
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not, then, be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffers[49] surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

(48) Duke. *I cannot be so answer'd.*] The folios have "It *cannot*," &c.; which is proved to be wrong by the next speech; "Sooth, but *you* must. . . . must *she* not, then, *be answer'd?*" And compare, at p. 330, "He might have took *his answer* long ago."

(49) *suffers*] The folios have "suffer" (which Malone attempts in vain to defend).

Vio. Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?
Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.
Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my nettle of India![50]

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The others hide themselves.*] Lie thou there [*Throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio,—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

(50) *my nettle of India!*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*my* mettle *of India*."—"*Nettle* is indisputably right." RITSON. "*Nettle of India* certainly better corresponds with Sir Toby's description of Maria; 'here comes the little villain.' The *nettle of India* is the plant that produces what is called cow-itch, a substance only used for the purpose of tormenting by its itching quality." MASON.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom remarks; "It is to me a matter of doubt whether 'Nettle' was, as Malone says, an arbitrary alteration by the editor of the second folio, or a mere misprint for '*Mettle*' [the spelling in the first folio], and consequently it is also doubtful in my mind whether that editor found a difficulty in the reading of the first folio."

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel.[51] Toby approaches; court'sies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us by th' ears,[52] yet peace.

[51] *with some rich jewel.*] The folios have "*with* my *some rich Iewell*," —the word "my" being an accidental repetition, occasioned by the preceding "*my* watch."

[52] *drawn from us by th' ears,*] The folios have "*drawn from us* with cars" and "cares."—In the notes to the *Variorum Shakespeare* we are told that here Johnson would read "—— with carts," &c. (comparing "but *a team of horse* shall not pluck that from me," *Two Gent. of Verona*, act iii. sc. 1);—that Steevens observed, "It is well known that *cars* and *carts* have the same meaning;"—and that Tyrwhitt proposed altering "cars" to "cables:"—but we are *not* told that Hanmer gave "—— *drawn from us by th' ears;*" which is also the emendation of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and which, though treated with contempt by Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 66), I feel convinced is what the author wrote. Formerly "bith" was very common as the contraction of "by the;" and therefore "bith ears" might easily be corrupted into "with cars."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 7) reads "*drawn*

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips, then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,"—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,"—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One Sir Andrew,"—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?(53)

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. [*reads*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] "Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know."

from us with racks;" which in the opinion of his editor (from whom I am always sorry to differ) is much preferable to Hanmer's emendation. —Mr. Grant White prints "*drawn from us* with cords."

(53) *What employment have we here?*] Means, says Warburton, "What's to do here?"—Hanmer substituted "implement" (a conjecture of Theobald's) for "*employment;*" and so Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 86) proposes to read.

"No man must know."—What follows? the numbers altered!—"No man must know:"—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*reads*]

> "I may command where I adore;
> But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,
> With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
> M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him![54]

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel[55] checks at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this:—and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O, ay, make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as[56] rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

(54) *What dish o' poison has she dressed him!*] The folios have an interrogation-point at the end both of this speech and of the next,—but wrongly. The meaning is, "What *a* dish of poison," &c. See note 11 on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

(55) *staniel*] Hanmer's correction.—The folios have "stallion."

(56) *it be as*] Hanmer printed "*it* ben't *as*."

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—this simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[*Reads*] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars[57] I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born[58] great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them: and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity; she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champain[59] discover not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady oves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings,[60] and

(57) *stars*] "Qu. 'state,'" says Mr. W. N. Lettsom.

(58) *some are born*] The folios have "*some are* become."—Corrected by Rowe.

(59) *champain*] Here the folio has "champian:" but I have not retained that spelling, because in *King Lear*, act i. sc. 1, we find "With shadowie Forrests, and with *Champains* rich'd."

(60) *strange, stout, in yellow stockings,*] Something wrong here, it would seem.—An anonymous critic conjectures, apud *The Cambridge Shakespeare*, "bestir me, strut *in*," &c.,—part of whose conjecture, "strut *in*," is at least probable.

cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove[61] and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee." Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar,[62] thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

(61) *Jove*] Here, and towards the end of this speech, Mr. Halliwell substitutes "God."

(62) *To the gates of Tartar,*] Mr. Collier declares that this "*is to be*

ACT III.

SCENE I. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* Clown *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music! dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lives[63] by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

read," with the Ms. Corrector, "*To the gates of* Tartarus;" he and the Corrector having altogether overlooked the following passage in our author's *Henry V.*, act ii. sc. 2;

> "If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
> Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
> He might return to vasty *Tartar* back," &c.—

1863. Mr. Collier now thinks "it is not unlikely that the author meant Sir Toby to call *Tartarus* 'Tartar'"!

(63) *lives*] The folios have "lyes;" which is well enough for the sense, but the context ("*live*" occurring *four times* in what precedes) determines it to be an error.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir; I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchers are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb; like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses[64] for thee. [*Gives a piece of money.*

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee,—I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred,[65] sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

[*Gives another piece of money.*

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe[66] to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin,—I might say element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

(64) *expenses*] Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 287) would read "sixpence."

(65) *have bred,*] Malone "believes our author wrote 'have *breed.*'"

(66) *construe*] Here the folios have "conster." See note 86 on *The Taming of the Shrew.* (Had "conster" been a mere vulgarism, I should have retained it, as perhaps not inappropriate in the mouth of the Clown; but it is nothing more than a variety of spelling.)

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
Not, like the haggard,[67] check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.[68]

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman![69]
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

(67) *Not, like the haggard,*] The folios have "And *like the haggard.*"—Johnson remarks; "The meaning [of the original reading] may be, that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly, '*Not*, like the haggard.' He must choose persons and times, and observe tempers; he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *haggard*, to seize all that comes in his way." Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives "*Not, like the haggard;*" and the alteration is indispensable; for who can fail to perceive that Johnson would fasten on the old reading a sense which it will not bear? (The line next above but two begins with "And:" hence perhaps the error here.)

(68) *For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;*
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.]

I give the second line as amended by Theobald and Tyrwhitt.—The folios have "*But* wisemens *folly falne, quite taint their wit.*"

(69) Sir To. *Save you, gentleman!* &c.] Here Theobald alters the prefixes: "I have ventured," he says, "to make the two knights change speeches in this dialogue with Viola; and, I think, not without good reason. It were a preposterous forgetfulness in the poet, and out of all probability, to make Sir Andrew not only speak French, but understand what is said to him in it, who in the first act did not know the English of *pourquoi*." In opposition to Theobald's alteration, Malone remarks; "The words '*Save you, gentleman!*' which he has taken from Sir Toby, and given to Sir Andrew, are again used by Sir Toby in a subsequent scene; a circumstance which renders it the more probable that they were intended to be attributed to him here also. With respect to the improbability that Sir Andrew should understand French here, after having betrayed his ignorance of that language in a former scene, it appears from a subsequent passage that he was a picker-up of phrases, and might have learned by rote from Sir Toby the few French words here spoken. If we are to believe Sir Toby, Sir Andrew 'could speak three or four languages word for word without book.'"

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean; to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance:—but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent-accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. [*aside*] That youth's a rare courtier: "Rain odours:"—well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. [*aside*] "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed:"—I'll get 'em all three ready.[70]

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

[70] *three ready.*] The folio has "*three* already."—Corrected in the third folio.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,—
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I[71] beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart.[72] So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have[73] you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!—

(71) *I*] Added in the third folio.

(72) *Hides my heart.*] The second folio has "*Hides my* poor *heart.*"—Delius conjectures "Hideth."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 86) proposes an arrangement which seems to me objectionable.

(73) *have*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom queries "harm;" and observes, "In either case, after this a line or more seems to have been omitted, in which Olivia tells the supposed youth that he is too young at present to marry."

Grace and good disposition tend[74] your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,[75]
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter,—
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,—
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

[74] *tend*] The folios have "attend."—Here Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 87) would alter the arrangement of the speech.

[75] *thy pride,*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "my *pride*;" which Mr. Collier himself now acknowledges to be an injudicious alteration.

SCENE II. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee[76] the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it;

[76] *thee*] Added in the third folio.

and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou "thou'st" him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at thy[77] *cubiculo:* go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad,—some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and[78] you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.[79]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means

[77] *thy*] So Hanmer.—The folios have "the."
[78] *and*] "Perhaps '*an.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 153.
[79] *wren of nine comes.*] Theobald's correction.—The folios have "*wren of* mine *comes.*"

to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filèd steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you,—though so much
As might have drawn me[80] to a longer voyage,—
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, still thanks; and very oft good turns[81]

(80) *me*] So Heath.—The folios have "one."—"No unfrequent error, *teste Dycio*, Remarks, p. 16." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 87.

(81) *And thanks, still thanks; and very oft good turns*] In the folios stands mutilated and corrupted thus;

"*And thankes: and* euer *oft good turnes.*"—

I give the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth,[82] as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys[83]
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people?

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not, then, walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

(82) *worth,*] See note 28 on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

(83) *the count his galleys*] Malone conjectured "*the* county's *galleys;*" and so Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 87) would read.—See note 136 on the preceding play, p. 264.

Ant. To th' Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;—
How shall I feast him?[84] what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I'm as mad as he.
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

(84) *he says he'll come;—*
How shall I feast him?]

Is explained by Warburton to mean "I suppose now, or admit now, he says he'll come, &c."—Theobald substituted

say he will *come,*
How shall I feast him?"

Oli.[85] Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matt with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my le It did come to his hands, and commands shall be execute I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, a kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings![86]

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-gartered!

Mal. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

Oli. Am I made?[87]

(85) Oli.] The folio has "*Mal.*"

(86) *Thy yellow stockings!*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom reads "My *yellow stockings*," because, he says, Olivia has no idea that Malvolio is quoting the letter; and when he presently continues, "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so," she exclaims "*Am I* made?"—But the old text may stand, as a mere re-echoing by Olivia of Malvolio's words.

(87) Oli. *Am I made?*] Manningham in his *Diary*—see account of this play, p. 310—speaks of Olivia as being a "widow:" and Mr. Collier remarks that "in Rich's novel the lady Julina, who answers to Olivia, is a widow, but in Shakespeare she never had been married. It is possible that in the form in which the comedy was performed on Feb. 2, 1601-2, she was a widow, and that the author subsequently made the change; but it is more likely, as Olivia must have been in mourning for the loss of her brother, that Manningham mistook her condition, and concluded

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state;[88] put thyself into the trick of singularity;"—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverent carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's[89] doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my

hastily that she lamented the loss of her husband." *Introd. to Twelfth-Night.* Mr. Peacock, too, believes that Manningham has made a mistake in "calling Olivia a widow." *Preface* to his translation of *Gl' Ingannati*, p. 6. But Mr. W. N. Lettsom thinks very differently. On the present speech of Olivia, "Am I made?" he observes; "This, and Malvolio's speeches just above, show that Collier was wrong in supposing that Manningham mistook the condition of Olivia. In the play as we have it, this part has little comic power; but nothing could have been more effective than the natural astonishment of *the widow* Olivia, when she heard her steward (as she understood him) talking of her yellow stockings, her cross-gartering, and finally of her virgin state; for I have no doubt that Shakespeare originally wrote 'Am I *maid?*'"

(88) *tang arguments of state;*] The folio has "langer with *arguments of state.*"—The second folio has "*tang* with *arguments*," &c.—Compare the letter as read by Malvolio, p. 351.

(89) *Jove's*] Throughout this speech Mr. Halliwell substitutes "God" for "*Jove;*" and Mr. Grant White is "by no means sure that we should not read 'Love'"!

degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA *with* Sir TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?[90] If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private:[91] go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

(90) *sanctity?*] "Certainly '*sanity*,'" says Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 88).

(91) *private:*] Altered by Rowe (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) to "privacy:" but the old reading has the same meaning, and is doubtless the true one.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me.(92) What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.—But see, but see.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

(92) *Ay, Biddy, come with me.*] "This seems to be a scrap of some old song, and should be printed as such. . . . . *Biddy* is the diminutive of *Bridget.*" RITSON.—"*Come, Bid, come,* are words of endearment used by children to chickens and other domestic fowl. An anonymous writer [Ritson], with little probability, supposes the words in the text to be a quotation from some old song." MALONE.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give[93] me. [*Reads*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*reads*] "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*reads*] "Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and to[94] exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*reads*] "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*reads*] "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*reads*] "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine;[95] but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK."

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

(93) *Give*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "Give't."

(94) *to*] Omitted by Rowe and most of his successors.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "thereto."

(95) *mine;*] "The present reading is more humorous than that suggested by Johnson ['thine']. The man on whose soul he hopes that God will have mercy is the one that he supposes will fall in the combat: but Sir Andrew hopes to escape unhurt, and to have no present occasion for that blessing." MASON.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth,—he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman—as I know his youth will aptly receive it—into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:[96]

(96) *I've said too much unto a heart of stone,*
And laid mine honour too unchary out:]

So Theobald.—The folios have "—— *too unchary* on't;" which Mr. Collier, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Grant White retain.—"'*On't*,'" writes Mr. Collier, "*i.e.* On the heart of stone: 'bestowed my honour too incautiously on a heart of stone.' Theobald changed 'on't' (the reading of all the old copies) to *out*, but without reason. Mr. Dyce, who is too apt to justify one corruption by another, argues in favour of *out*, and shows by divers instances that the word may have been misprinted: it is unquestionable that 'to lay *out*' is a very common expression; but so is 'to lay *on't*,' and as it affords a distinct meaning, is repeated in all early editions, and is unamended in the corr. fo. 1632, we prefer to make Olivia say poetically that she has laid her honour on a heart of stone, as it were on an altar, than prosaically to observe merely that she has incautiously laid *out* her honour."

Alas for Mr. Collier's *reasoning!* The explanation which he gives of his text ought alone to have convinced him that 'on't' was a misprint. Olivia might perhaps talk with propriety of "laying her *love* on a heart of stone;" but with no propriety could she talk of "laying her HONOUR on a heart of stone." The genuine lection, "*And laid mine honour too unchary out*," means "And have been more prodigal in expressing and giving proofs of my affection than was strictly consistent with my honour."

In my *Few Notes*, &c. (where, according to Mr. Collier, I am "'too apt

There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.(97)

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me,—'tis my picture:
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee!

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation; for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard;

to justify one corruption by another"), I cited, as parallel to the present passage, the following lines from the anonymous play, *Euerie Woman in her Humor*, 1609;

> "Keepe her from the Serpent, let her not gad
> To euerie Gossips congregation,
> For there is blushing modestie *laide out*," &c.
> Sig. H 3.

(97) *grief.*] The folios have "greefes."

for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked[98] rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob-nob is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria.

(98) *unhacked*] *i.e.* unhacked by use.—The folios have the spelling "vnhatch'd."—But compare "With *unhack'd swords* and helmets all unbruis'd," &c. *King John*, act ii. sc. 1; and "To part with *unhack'd edges*," &c. *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. sc. 6.

Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The street adjoining* OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.(99)

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

(99) SCENE V. *The street adjoining* OLIVIA'S *garden.*
Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.]

In the preceding page, Sir Toby, before going out, has desired Fabian to "stay by this gentleman" (Viola) till his return from talking with Sir Andrew: a little after, Fabian says to Viola, "will you *walk towards him*" (Sir Andrew)? and accordingly *makes his exit with her.* Sir Toby now enters accompanied by Sir Andrew; and though the folio does not mark a new scene, it is certain that, previous to the entrance of the two knights, the audience of Shakespeare's days (who had no painted movable scenery before their eyes) were to *suppose* a change of scene. Presently Antonio enters, draws his sword in defence of Viola (whom he mistakes for Sebastian), and is arrested by the Officers: and from the speech of the First Officer, in act v. sc. 1, p. 386, we learn distinctly where his arrest took place;

> "Here *in the streets*, desperate of shame and state,
> In private brabble did we apprehend him."—

Sir Andrew, then, was waiting for the pretended page "at the corner of the orchard," p. 368, "at the orchard-end," p. 370,—that is, in the street at the extremity of Olivia's orchard or garden: there Sir Toby had joined him; and thither Fabian and Viola walk.—I may add that the rather unsatisfactory stage-arrangements here were in a certain degree forced upon Shakespeare: he found it necessary to get rid of Viola while Sir Toby was terrifying Sir Andrew with an account of his antagonist's ferocity. (Since writing the above, I have examined a modern acting copy of the play: in it the scene is changed here from "*A room in Olivia's house*" to "*Olivia's garden.*")

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capulet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.—[*Aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*to Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath-sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. [*drawing*] One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*Draws.*

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. [*to Antonio*] I'll be with you anon.

Vio. [*to Sir Andrew*] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter Officers.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—[*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it makes me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god![100]
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him!—Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with Antonio.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

(100) *Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—*
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
. . . . . .
But O how vile an idol proves this god!]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 89) says, "In this speech a line seems to have dropped out after '*love;*'" and he would read "*And to* this *image*," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Most* veritable *worth;*" and, according to Mr. Collier, "'veritable' must have been the author's own word." But the context ("devotion," "idol," "god") is decisive against the alteration.

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,—
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The street adjoining* OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool: vent my folly! I am

afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. —I prithee, now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall[102] give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking Sebastian.*

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there, and there![103] [*Beating Sir Andrew.*
Are all the people mad?

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*

[101] *I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.*] "That is," says Johnson, "[I am afraid] affectation and foppery will overspread the world."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*lubber, the*" to "lubberly."—Douce remarks; "The Clown is speaking of *vent* as an affected word; and we should therefore read 'this great *lubberly word* will prove a cockney,' *i.e.* will turn out to be cockney language."—Mr. Staunton observes, "Omitting the adjective '*great*,' which may have been caught by the compositor from the line above, Douce's emendation probably gives us what the poet wrote."—Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 284) and Mr. Grant White make the same correction as Douce; each of them with a different interpretation.—For my own part, I can hardly believe that Shakespeare would have made the Clown speak of "*vent*" as a "great lubberly word;" and I doubt much if "great lubberly" could signify either "imposing" or "pretentious,"—as Dr. Badham and Mr. Grant White respectively gloss the expression.

[102] *I shall*] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 237) would contract this to "'Shall."

[103] *and there!*] Added by Capell; the words evidently having been omitted in the folios by a mistake which is not unfrequent when such repetitions occur.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed;[104] come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. [*Disengages himself.*] What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby, be gone! [*Exeunt Sir To., Sir And., and Fab.*
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

(104) *put up your iron: you are well fleshed;*] According to Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 281), these words are addressed to Sir Andrew.

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee:[105] would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall[106] enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove[107] bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is;" so I, being master parson, am master parson; for, what is that but that, and is but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. [*within*] Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

(105) *I prithee:*] "Read '*I pray*' [with Pope]; the other is too rugged for a rhyming couplet." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 78.

(106) *tall*] Farmer would substitute "fat;" and Tyrwhitt says, "I should have no objection to read—*pale*"!

(107) *Jove*] The Cambridge Editors conjecture "God."

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. [*within*] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that (108) house is dark?

Mal. [*within*] As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories (109) toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. [*within*] I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. [*within*] I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?

Mal. [*within*] That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. [*within*] I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

(108) *that*] Qy. "this"?

(109) *the clear-stories*] So Blakeway (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*the cleere* stores."—The second folio has "*the cleare* stones" (which is defended by Mr. Hunter, *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 409: "what," he asks, "have *clear-stories* to do with *the cell* in which Malvolio was confined?" As much surely as "*bay-windows*" have).

Mal. [*within*] Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to [110] the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

Clo. [*singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. [*within*] Fool,—

Clo. [*singing*] My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. [*within*] Fool,—

Clo. [*singing*] Alas, why is she so?

Mal. [*within*] Fool, I say,—

Clo. [*singing*] She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. [*within*] Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. [*within*] Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. [*within*] Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

[110] *to*] Not in the folios.

* *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin*, &c.] A copy of this song, printed from a Ms. which belonged to Dr. Harrington of Bath, is inserted in Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 194, ed. 1794, where the opening stands thus;

"A Robyn,
Jolly Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doeth,
And thou shalt knowe of myn.

'My lady is unkynde perde.'
Alack! why is she so?
'She loveth an other better than me;
And yet she will say no.'"

There are four stanzas more.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. [*within*] They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Mal. [*within*] Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas!—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. [*within*] Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. [*within*] Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. [*within*] By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed?(111) or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. [*within*] Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. [*within*] Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*singing*] I am gone, sir;*
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

(111) *are you not mad indeed?*] Johnson proposes "*are you mad indeed?*"

* *I am gone, sir,* &c.] "We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakespeare." FARMER. It is probably an old song, somewhat altered by our poet.

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman drivel.[112] [*Exit.*

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,[113]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I'm mad,—
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,[114]

([112]) *drivel.*] So Rowe in his sec. ed. (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector). —The folios have "diuell," "direll," and "devil."

([113]) *credit,*] "If this," says Capell, "be a true reading, the sense it must be accepted in is—credible avouch, '*there I found this* avouched of him credibly,' as the third modern [Theobald] puts it: 'tis constrain'd, undoubtedly; but pleases better than his recommended word *credent*, or his successor's [Hanmer's] *current;* and to say it means—account, information, as the fifth modern [Warburton] does, is making any thing of any thing." *Notes*, &c., vol. ii. P. iv. p. 152.—Steevens cites from early writers some passages which he thinks support Warburton's explanation; and Mr. Staunton quotes it as a certain one.—Mr. Collier considers "*credit*" as equivalent to "belief."

([114]) *Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,*] No editor, as far

With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and a* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,(115)
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The street before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter Clown *and* FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

as I know, has questioned this very questionable line.—Qy. ". . . . . *and* them *dispatch*"?—Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes a violent alteration.

(115) *May live at peace: he shall conceal it,*] "Certainly not '*conceal:*' perhaps something has dropped out." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 154.—Hanmer printed, for the metre, "*May* henceforth *live at peace*," &c.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold. [*Gives money.*

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another. [*Gives money.*

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or[116] the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind,—one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again.

[116] *or*] Altered by Hanmer to "as."

I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Officers, *with* ANTONIO.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scatheful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,—
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,

All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning—
Not meaning to partake with me in danger—
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removèd thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came ye[117] to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord: and for three months before—
No interim, not a minute's vacancy—
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.—
But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat[118] and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

(117) *ye*] The folios have "he."
(118) *fat*] Is variously explained, "dull," "o'ercloying," &c.—Warburton reads "flat."

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly.—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crownèd in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*Following.*
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Duke. Come away! [*To Viola.*
Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband!
Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Re-enter Attendant, *with* Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold—though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe—what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract and[119] eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK *with his head broken.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! and send one[120] presently to Sir Toby.

(119) *and*] Malone's conjecture (*Suppl. Observations*, 1780, p. 142); and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folios have "of" (the transcriber's or compositor's eye having rested on the "*of*" which occurs later in the line).

(120) *and send one*] The folio has "*send one;*" the third folio "*and one.*"

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. 'Has broke my head across, and 'has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.—Here comes Sir Toby halting,—you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *led by the* Clown.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one: 'has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.[121]

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

[121] *and a passy-measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.*] The folio has "*and a passy measures* panyn: *I hate*," &c.—The second folio has "after *a passy measures Pavin: I hate*," &c.—"*Passy-measure*," "*passa-measure*," and "*passing-measure*," are corruptions of the Italian *passa-mezzo* ("a slow dance," says Sir J. Hawkins, "differing little from the action of walking"); the "*pavin*" (or *pavan*) was a grave and stately dance, often mentioned by our early writers (according to Sir J. Hawkins, from *pavo*, 'a peacock;' according to Italian authors, from *Paduana*); and "*the passinge measure Pavyon*" occurs in a list of dances printed from an old Ms. in the *Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, vol. i. p. 24.—Sir Toby, it would seem, "means only by this quaint expression, that the surgeon is a rogue and a *grave solemn coxcomb*." MALONE.

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help,—an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave,—a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I'm sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard[122] upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,—
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,

(122) *You throw a strange regard*, &c.] "Arrange rather;

'You throw
A strange regard upon me, and by that
I do,' &c.

though even this is awkward." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 89.—"Read," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note, *ibid.*),

'You throw a strange regard *on* me; by that
I do,' &c.

'*And*' is wretchedly flat here; it probably crept in from the line above. Pope and others have '*on* me, by which,' &c."

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice-welcome, drownèd Viola!"
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow,—
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that recórd is lively in my soul!
He finishèd, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain's in this town,
Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preferr'd to serve this noble count.[123]
All the occurrence of my fortune since

(123) *to a captain's in this town,*
Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preferr'd to serve this noble count.]

The folios have

"*to a* Captaine *in this Towne,*
Where lye my maiden *weeds: by whose gentle helpe,*
I was preseru'd *to serue this Noble Count.*"

The slight alteration in the first of these lines is by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector: the changes in the second and third line were made by Theobald. (Compare, a little after, "my *maid's* garments.")

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: [*To Olivia.*

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Now are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,—
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.—
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times [*To Viola.*
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown *with a letter, and* FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy[124] of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

(124) *A most extracting frenzy*] The second folio alters "*extracting*" to "exacting."—Hanmer substitutes "distracting."—Malone defends the old reading by citing from *The Historie of Hamblet*, "to try if men of great account be *extract* out of their wits;" and Steevens by quoting from William de Wyrcester, "ita quod *extractus* a mente videbatur."—"Grant White says that in Shakespeare's time '*extracting* was used in the sense of distracting.' If so, how does it happen that nobody has produced a second instance of it? why did Malone and Steevens attempt to defend the old text by two quotations that are nothing to the purpose? I infer that they had nothing better to produce. At any rate it is impossible that Shakespeare could have written '*extracting*' in the sense

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: 'has here writ a letter to you; I should have given't you to-day morning,—but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look, then, to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] "By the Lord, madam,"—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. [*reads*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

"THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th' alliance on's, so please you,(125)
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.—

of '*distracting*' in this line, when he had written '*distract*' in the line above. He would either have placed '*distracting*' here, or employed a word in no manner connected with '*distract*,' or referring to it. Perhaps '*extracting*' is a mere printer's blunder for '*enchanting*.' At p. 357 we have 'After the last *enchantment* you did here.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

(125) *th' alliance on's, so please you,*] The folios have "*th' alliance*

[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister!—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.—
How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you've done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,—
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it, then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

on't, *so please you.*" But "on't" is plainly a mistake for "*on's*," *i.e.* on us = of us. So in *The Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2;

"many thousand *on's*
Have the disease, and feel't not."

And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad: thou[126] cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd in him:[127] Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool,[128] how have they baffled thee!

(126) *thou*] So Rann.—The folios have "then."

(127) *against Malvolio here,*
. . . . . .
We had conceiv'd in him:]

The folios have "*We had conceiv'd* against *him;*" the word "against" having been repeated by a mistake of the scribe or compositor.—Corrected by Tyrwhitt.

(128) *poor fool,*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*poor* soul;" a reading now adopted by Mr. Collier, in the very face of the following passages of Shakespeare, which demonstrate that "*poor fool*" was neither more nor less than a sort of term of endearment;

"Yea, my lord; I thank it [my heart], *poor fool*, it keeps on the windy side of care." *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 1.

"the *poor* dappled *fools*," &c. *As you like it*, act ii. sc. 1.

"So many weeks ere the *poor fools* will yean," &c.
Third Part of King Henry VI. act ii. sc. 5.

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown[129] upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude,—one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one.—"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;"—but do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:" and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,[130]
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

"And my *poor fool* is hang'd."
King Lear, act v. sc. 3 (these words being undoubtedly spoken of the dead Cordelia).

"*poor* venomous *fool*,
Be angry, and dispatch."
Antony and Cleopatra, act v. sc. 2.

"The *poor fool* prays her that he may depart," &c.
Venus and Adonis.

(129) *thrown*] Qy, is "*thrown*" (instead of "thrust") an oversight of the author? or an error of the scribe or printer?—1863. To the preceding query Mr. Staunton has returned the following (rather odd) answer; "We believe it to be neither one nor the other, but a purposed variation common to Shakespeare in cases of repetition, possibly from his knowing, by professional experience, the difficulty of quoting with perfect accuracy."

(130) *Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,*] Walker, after expressing his uncertainty whether or not "*sister*" be used as a trisyllable in this line, asks; "Can Shakespeare have written '*sister-in-law*' by anticipation? It is well known that words sometimes drop out at the end of a line in the Folio. Yet this seems harsh." *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 209.—*Very* "harsh," surely.—Hanmer printed "*Of our dear souls. In the mean time, sweet sister.*"

*Song.**

Clo. When that I was and(131) a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves(132) men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas, to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,(133)
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:—
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

* *Song*]—Which Steevens calls "some buffoon actor's composition"—is probably an old ditty slightly altered by Shakespeare. A stanza of a ballad with the same burden is sung by the Fool in *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 2. "The Fool's song, which forms the Epilogue to *Twelfth-Night*, is still sung on the stage to this tune [*When that I was and a little tiny boy*]. It has no other authority than theatrical tradition." Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c., vol. i. p. 225, sec. ed.

(131) *and*] It may not be amiss to notice that here "*and*" is used redundantly, as it sometimes is in old ballads.

(132) *'Gainst knaves and thieves*] "Must evidently be ''Gainst *knave and thief*.' When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little regarded; but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates against me, as a *knave and a thief*." FARMER,—who requires greater precision of language than is to be looked for in such a composition.

(133) *bed,*] The folios have "beds," and in the next line but one "heades."

THE WINTER'S TALE.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—Of the performance of this play "at the Globe, 1611, the 15th of May, Wednesday," Dr. Simon Forman has left some notes in his *Ms. Diary* (*Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*); and it is mentioned as follows in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels; "For the kings players. An olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemminges his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missing: and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19th of August, 1623." Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 462. From these two facts (the first of which was unknown to Malone) Mr. Collier * concludes that *The Winter's Tale* was "in its first run" when Forman saw it at the Globe; and he argues (as Malone had done) that "Sir George Buck must have licensed 'The Winter's Tale' between October 1610, when he was appointed to his office, and May 1611, when Forman saw the play at the Globe." *Introd. to The Winter's Tale.* Mr. Hunter, on the contrary, maintains that Forman's having seen it at the Globe in 1611 is no proof that it had not been written and performed many years before; that the performance at court proves nothing in regard to date except that it was written before November 1611; and he disputes the argument drawn from the date of Sir George Buck's appointment, because, if we may trust Chalmers (*Supplemental Apology for the Believers, &c.*, p. 200), Sir George (who in 1603 obtained a grant of the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels) had licensed many plays before 1610. See Hunter's *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. i. pp. 413-16. Judging from the style, I have little doubt that *The Winter's Tale* was one of Shakespeare's later compositions: it may, or it may not, have been first produced, as Malone and Mr. Collier suppose, in 1611; but it cannot, I think, be assigned to a much earlier period.—*The Winter's Tale* is founded on a novel by Robert Greene, of which the first edition (at least the first known to be extant) was printed in 1588, and entitled *Pandosto. The Triumph of Time. Wherein is discouered by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes of sinister fortune Truth may be concealed, yet by Time, in spight of fortune, it is most manifestly reuealed. Pleasant for age to auoyde drowsie thoughtes, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content*, &c. The running-title is, *The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia*, which was transferred to the title-page of several of the subsequent editions. These are very numerous; and we have a proof of the continued popularity of the tale in the fact that it was printed as a chap-book so recently as the year 1735. I have elsewhere † remarked; "To those who may read the novel for the first time, having a previous acquaintance with the play of Shakespeare,—and to what

* Mr. Collier also refers to an entry in Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c.; but that entry is now known to be a forgery.

† *Account of Greene and his Writings*, p. 40, ed. 1861.

reader is *it* altogether unknown?—the former will appear cold and uninteresting on a recollection of the marvellous truth and reality of the latter But *Pandosto* is far from a contemptible production: if portions of it are disfigured by bad taste and coarseness of feeling, there are also portions composed in a very pleasing and affecting manner." The novel contains no characters corresponding to those of Antigonus, Paulina, Autolycus, and the young Shepherd. (*Pandosto* is reprinted in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. i.).—According to the novel, when the child was brought to the king, he "commanded that without delay it should bee put in the boat, having neither saile nor rudder to guid it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and waue, as the destinies please to appoint:' but Shakespeare makes Perdita be exposed on the seashore by Antigonus. Mr. Collier therefore concludes that *The Winter's Tale* was written at a later date than *The Tempest*,—that Shakespeare, having "previously (perhaps not long before) represented Prospero and Miranda turned adrift at sea in the same manner as Greene had stated his heroine to have been disposed of," . . . . "varied" in *The Winter's Tale* "from the original narrative, in order to avoid an objectionable similarity of incident in his two dramas." *Introd. to The Winter's Tale.* But Shakespeare has occasionally (and with perfect judgment) deviated from the novel in more important particulars than that just mentioned.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—o—

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, his son.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION,
} Sicilian lords.
Other Sicilian Lords.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Sicilian Gentlemen.
POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, his son.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian lord.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd.
Clown, his son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady,
Other Ladies,
} attending on the Queen.
MOPSA,
DORCAS,
} shepherdesses.

Attendants, Guards; Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE—*Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. An antechamber in the palace of* LEONTES.

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot

choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their love![1]

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one we-thank-you many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

[1] *love!*] The folios have "Loues."—Compare the next speech.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence: that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly!"[2] Besides, I've stay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between 's, then: and in that
I'll no gainsaying.
Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.[3]
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were their necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you,
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure

that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly!"]

According to Farmer, "*that*" is here equivalent to "O *that.*"—Hanmer altered the lines thus;

"there *may blow*
Some *sneaping winds at home, to make us say,*
'*This is put forth too* early:'"

and so Capell, except that he gave

"*This is put forth too* tardily."

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads, like Warburton, "May there *blow*," and, like Hanmer, "*This is put forth too* early."

(3) *Press me not, beseech you, so.*] Capell prints "*Press me not* so, beseech you."—Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector omit "*so.*"

All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
[*To Polixenes*] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission (4)
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting:—yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady should her lord.(5)—You'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's "verily"'s
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread "verily,"
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;

(4) *I'll give you my commission*] So Warburton.—The folios have "*Ile giue* him *my*," &c.,—a manifest error.

(5) *What lady should her lord.*] So Mr. Collier in his first ed. of *Shakespeare*, from an old Ms. correction in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio; and so too Mr. Collier's own Ms. Corrector reads.—The folios have "*What Lady* she *her Lord*" (an error occasioned by the Ms. having had "*sh^d*,"—the abbreviation of "*should*").—Mr. Staunton endeavours to defend the old reading by citing from Massinger's *Bondman* the words, "With any she in Corinth,"—an expression altogether different.

Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no,[6] nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, "Not guilty;" th' imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to 's; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.
Her. Grace to boot![7]
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say

([6]) *no*] Added in the second folio.—"Malone's note on this passage is a splendid specimen of perverted learning. For the reading of the second folio compare, in act iv. sc. 3;

'I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; *no*, *nor* mean better.'

Donne's *Sermons*, Serm. xxiv. p. 238, ed. 1640; 'Neither is there any necessity, *no*, *nor* reason, to charge Eliphaz,' &c. Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. v. ed. 1622, p. 471; 'Can his shame be without my reproach? *no*, *nor* shall be,' &c." W. N. LETTSOM.

([7]) *Grace to boot!*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 214) would read "God's *grace to boot!*"—Hanmer printed "Oh! *Grace to boot!*"

Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:—[8]
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbèd months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap[9] thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. It is[10] Grace indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I've spoke to the purpose twice:

[8] *ere*
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:—]

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters this to "—— *we* clear *an acre. But to the* good."

[9] *And clap*] The folio has "*A clap*" (corrected in the second folio). —Rowe (in his sec. ed.) substituted "*And* clepe" (*i.e.* And call),—wrongly.

[10] *It is*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "That was."—The folios have "Tis."

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other for some while a friend.
[*Giving her hand to Polixenes.*
Leon. [*aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me,—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,[11]
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;[12] and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows!—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat;—not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd[13] neat.—Still virginalling
[*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me:—yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false

(11) *bounty's fertile bosom,*] So Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folios have "Bountie, *fertile Bosome.*"

(12) *As in a looking-glass;*] "Perhaps 'As in a *glass:*' but it is dangerous to alter without stronger reason than there appears to be in the present case; and *glass* for *looking-glass* is not perhaps sufficiently clear." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 91. In act iv. sc. 3 we have "To show myself *a glass*," i.e. *a looking-glass.*

(13) *all call'd*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "*all* alike *call'd.*"

As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds,[14] as waters,—false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,—
And that beyond commission; and I find it,—
And that[15] to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. Ho, my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—[16]
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

[14] *winds,*] The folios have "wind;" but the context evidently requires the plural "*winds*" (which Rowe gave in his sec. ed.).

[15] *And that beyond commission; and I find it,—*
And that]

"The printer," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "has repeated '*And that*' instead of '*Find it.*'" [?]

[16] Pol. *Ho, my lord!*
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?
Her. *You look*
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?
Leon. *No, in good earnest.*—]

The folios have "How? *my Lord?*" and to the words, "*What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?*" they prefix "*Leo.;*" which Hanmer rightly omitted.—I here alter "How" to "*Ho;*" for Leontes is evidently standing apart from Polixenes and Hermione; and "how" (as I have already observed, see note 135 on *Love's Labour's Lost*, and note 83 on *The Merchant of Venice*) was frequently the old spelling of "*ho.*"

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil[17]
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be 's dole!—My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire

[17] *methought I did recoil*] Here the folios have "me thoughts *I did recoil*" [the fourth folio "methoughts"]; and "methoughts" is, no doubt, a form which we occasionally meet with: but since, a few lines after, the folios have "*me thought*," the variation was evidently introduced by the scribe or the printer, not by Shakespeare.—"In the old copies," says Mr. Collier *ad l.*, "it stands '*me thoughts* I did recoil,' and so it has been since usually printed. A Ms. correction in Lord F. Egerton's [Lord Ellesmere's] copy shows that *me* has been inserted for *my*. 'Methought' occurs just afterwards, and it is there printed without the letter *s* at the end, and in parenthesis. Such would have been the case with 'me thoughts,' if '*methought*' had been intended." Mr. Knight too has eagerly adopted the alteration "my thoughts," wrong as it indubitably is. [1863. And so Mr. Grant White,—without any note.] In *Richard III.* act i. sc. 4, the folios have

"*Me thoughts* that I had broken from the Tower," &c.,

and *presently*,

"*Me thought* that Glouster stumbled," &c.,

and *a few lines after*,

"*Me thoughts* I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes," &c.;—

all these *in the same speech*.

Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside*] I'm angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! [*Exeunt Pol., Her., and Attend.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!—
Go, play, boy, play:—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is,—even at this present,
Now while I speak this,—holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they[18] say.

Leon. Why, that's some confort.—
What, Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go, play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.
[*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
[*Aside*] They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,
"Sicilia is a—so-forth:" 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be't: "good" should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?[19]

(18) *they*] Added in the second folio.

(19) Leon. *Ha!*
Cam. *Stays here longer.*
Leon. *Ay, but why?*]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 145) would read and arrange;

"*Leon.* Ha!
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why, *but why?*"

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and th' entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
Th' entreaties of your mistress !—satisfy !—
Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the near'st things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom,—I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be't forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon't,—thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn; or heard,—
For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute; or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think't,—[20]
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,—
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought,—then say
My wife's a hobby-horse;[21] deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts-to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes[22]
Blind with the pin-and-web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have[23] these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;

(20) *think't,*—] The folio has "thinke."—Some copies of the second folio add "*it.*"

(21) *a hobby-horse;*] The folios have "*a* Holy-*Horse.*"

(22) *noon, midnight? and all eyes*] The editor of the second folio reads, for the metre, "the *noon,*" &c.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 92) "rather thinks Shakespeare wrote 'and all eyes *else.*'"

(23) *have*] "Read," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "'*are.*'"

For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal,[24] hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—thou mightst[25] bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
T' appoint myself[26] in this vexation; sully

(24) *her like her medal,*] *i.e.* a medal of her.

(25) *gall'd,—thou mightst*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*gall'd, might'st*" (not "*galled*," &c.).

(26) *So sovereignly being honourable.*
I have lov'd thee,—

The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;[27]
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,—
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,—
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:—
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*

Leon. *Make that thy question, and go rot!*
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself]

"Arrange," says Walker;

"'So sov'reignly being honourable.—I've lov'd thee,—
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot! Dost think
I am so muddy, so unsettled
To appoint,' &c.

'*Unsettled*,' a quadrisyllable." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 94.

(27) *Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 16) conjectures "— *nettles*, vipers, *tails of wasps*."—Hanmer and Capell filled up the line each in his own way.

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck.—Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter't, or both yourself and me
Cry "lost," and so good night!
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To tice[28] you to't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star[29] in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath remove, or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I'm sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If, therefore, you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,

(28) *To tice*] So the late Mr. W. W. Williams (*The Parthenon* for June 7th, 1862, p. 186); and so too Mr. Grant White suggests;—Heath having long ago proposed "*To* 'ntice."—The folio has "*to* vice;" a decided misprint, which the commentators illustrate by quoting from *Twelfth-Night*, act v. sc. 1, "the *instrument that screws* me"! and hence we find in the *Dictionaries* of Johnson and Richardson "vice" given as a verb.

(29) Cam. *Swear his thought over*
By each particular star]

Theobald printed "*Swear* this though *over*," &c.; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads: but no Elizabethan writer would have used "though" in that manner.—The old text, if right, means "*over-swear his thought*:" Camillo has said in his preceding speech, "*He thinks*, nay, with all confidence *he swears*," &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*Swear* this oath *over*," &c.

Clear them o' the city: for myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me, and thy places[30] shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence-departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy[31]
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion![32] Come, Camillo;

(30) *places*] In opposition to Malone's conjecture "paces," Steevens observes that here "*places*" means "preferments, honours."

(31) *Two days ago.—This jealousy*] "We might read 'This *his* jealousy;' but that a syllable would still be wanting. But I think Shakespeare wrote 'This jealousy *of his*,' the concluding words of the line having dropt out, by an accident not altogether unfrequent in the folio." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 257.—Strange that none of the editors—not even Hanmer—should have tried their hands on this line.

(32) *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!]

Hanmer reads "*Good expedition be my friend!* Heaven *comfort*," &c.; and so does Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, who also substitutes "*dream*" for "*theme*."—The passage seems to be hopelessly corrupted. But Malone would explain it thus; "'*Comfort*' is, I apprehend, here used as a verb. Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion."

I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. A room in the palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
Sec. Lady. Who taught ye this?[33]
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?
First Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,

(33) *Who taught ye this?*] The folio has "*Who taught* 'this?" *i.e.* Who taught *ye* this (presently the First Lady says to Mamillius, "Hark *ye*," &c.).—The usual modern reading is "*Who taught* you *this?*"

If we would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard:—I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* Guards.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!—
Alack for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,[34]
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—

([34]) *drink, depart,*] A very doubtful reading.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*drink* a part;" and Mr. Staunton proposes "*drink* deep o't."

There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is[35] mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?

First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.[36]

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy:—I'm glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him!—and let her sport herself
[*Exit Mamillius with some of the Guards.*
With that she's big with;—for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, "She is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'Tis pity she's not honest-honourable:"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,—
Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,—and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha,—these petty brands
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said "she's goodly:" come between,

(35) *is*] "Read," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "'*was*,' or rather '*I*.'"
(36) *command.*] Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 127) suspects that we ought to read "commandment" (to be pronounced "commandement").

Ere you can say "she's honest:" but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said
She's an adultress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A fedary[37] with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame[38] to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she
Is a bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no;[39] if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear

(37) *fedary*] The folio has "Federarie,"—a misprint for "*Fedarie*," *i.e.* colleague, associate, confederate: see *Glossary*.

(38) *shame*] Hanmer boldly printed "be asham'd."

(39) *No, no;*] The folio has merely "*No.*"—"Collier says, 'Single *No* is more emphatic:' but this random assertion is the reverse of the truth. Earlier in the present play (p. 416) we have '*No, no*, my lord;' and in *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. sc. 3, '*No, no;*—this shall forbid it.' Hermione, it is true, uses 'Single *No;*' but that not being sufficiently emphatic, she strengthens it with an oath." W. N. Lettsom.

A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison!
He who shall speak for her's afar off guilty (40)
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are,—the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. [*to the Guards*] Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me?—Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies, with Guards.*

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' th' eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

(40) *He who shall speak for her's afar off guilty,* &c.] Here "*afar off guilty*" is explained "guilty in a remote degree."—But qy.

"*He who shall speak for her is* so far *guilty,*" &c.?

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn (41) him. Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine and some five; (42)
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,

(41) *land-damn*] In support of Rann's conjecture, that "*land-damn*" means "condemned to the punishment of being built up in the earth," Mr. Grant White adduces the following passage of *Titus Andronicus*, act v. sc. 3;

> "Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
> There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
> If any one relieves or pities him,
> For the offence he dies."—

Mr. Collier suggested "lamback," *i.e.* beat, belabour; in which, as we now learn, he had been anticipated by his Ms. Corrector.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 99) proposes "live-dam."

(42) *The second and the third, nine and some five;*] "This line appears obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both 'the *second* and the *third*.' But it is sufficiently clear, *referendo singula singulis*. 'The second is of the age of nine, and the third is *some* five years old.' The same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *King Lear;*

> 'For that I am *some* twelve or fourteen moonshines
> Lag of a brother.'

The editor of the second folio reads '—— *sons* five;' startled probably by the difficulty that arises from the subsequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author answer. Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, shows it may be done. Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote '*some;*' for were we, with the ignorant editor above mentioned, to read '—— *sons* five,' then the second and third daughter would both be of the same age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reasonable to suppose. Besides, daughters are by the law of England coheirs, but sons never." MALONE.

To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus,[43] and see withal
[*Laying hold of his arm.*
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you—or stupefied,
Or seeming so in skill—cannot or will not
Relish a[44] truth, like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,—
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,

(43) *thus,*] Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "this."
(44) *a*] Perhaps "as,"—though Malone defends the old reading.

That lack'd sight only, naught for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,—
For, in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,—I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me.[45] Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The outer room of a prison.*

Enter PAULINA *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou, then, in prison?

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Gaoler.

Now good sir,
You know me, do you not?

(45) *spur me.*] Hanmer printed "*spur me* on,"—rightly, I suspect.

Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.
Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Gaol. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?
Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*
Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,—
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,—
She is something before her time deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."
Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,

And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there's no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from't,
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bless'd for it!
I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt[46] you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

([46]) *'twixt*] The folio has "betwixt."

SCENE III. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus,—mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adultress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me:—say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?
First Atten. [*advancing*] My lord?
Leon. How does the boy?
First Atten. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,(47)
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit First Atten.*]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance,—let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

(47) *deeply,*] As this word can hardly be considered as a trisyllable here (see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 23), the line would seem to be imperfect.—Capell printed "*He straight declin'd* upon't, *droop'd*," &c.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

First Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Sec. Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come, with words as med'cinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What[48] noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How!—
Away with that audacious lady!—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,—
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour,—trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

(48) *What*] The folio has "Who."—Corrected in the second folio.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare[49]
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen—
For she is good—hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door,—
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out?—Give her the bastard:—
[*To Antigonus*] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy Dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

[49] *profess*
. . . . . .
dare]

The folio has "professes" and "dares."

Unvenerable be thy hands,[50] if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forcèd baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callet
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father,—eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valleys,[51]
The pretty dimples of 's chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,

(50) *hands,*] Walker would alter this word to the singular. "'*Upon't,*'" he says, "does not relate to '*princess,*' but to '*hand,*'—the true reading." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 253.

(51) *valleys,*] The folio has "Valley."—Corrected by Hanmer.

Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag!—
And, losel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll ha' thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinge'd fancy—something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.—
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better-guiding spirit!—What need these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with it!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony; or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;

The bastard-brains[52] with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

First Lord. We can:—my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We've always truly serv'd you; and beseech you[53]
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,—
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come,—that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:—
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
[*To Antigonus.*
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as thy[54] beard's gray,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

(52) *bastard-brains*] So the words are hyphened in the folio: but I am strongly inclined to think, with Mr. W. N. Lettsom, that the true reading is "bastard's *brains;*" for it is unquestionable that, occasionally throughout the folio, a hyphen has usurped the place of the final *s;* see Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 261.

(53) *beseech you*] The folio has "beseech'."

(54) *thy*] The folio has "this,"—an error arising, no doubt, from the occurrence of "this" both above and just below. The alteration of "this" to "*thy*" was made by the old Ms. Corrector of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the folio: and that there is nothing objectionable in "*thy* beard" and "will *you* adventure" being so placed in juxtaposition, might be shown by many passages of Shakespeare; *e.g.* at p. 476 of the present play we find

"Mark *your* divorce, young sir,
Whom son I dare not call; *thou* art too base," &c.

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much,—
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent:—any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it,—seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require!—and blessing,
Against this[55] cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the Child.*
Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.
Sec. Atten. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to th' oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,

(55) *this*] Roderick proposes "his."

Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great[56] Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. A street in some town.*

Enter CLEOMENES, DION, *and an* Attendant.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle;[57] the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits—
Methinks I so should term them—and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' th' offering!

[56] *The great*] 'tis . . . .

I should have followed Pope in substituting "this," had not that word occurred in the next line but one. And qy. "That *great*"? ("*The*" having been caught from the next line); yet in p. 445 we have "*the great* Apollo."

[57] *the isle;*] This geographical blunder occurs in Greene's novel, on which Shakespeare founded the play (see *ante*, p. 400); "that it would please his majestie to send sixe of his noble men whome he best trusted to the *Isle of Delphos*, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo," &c.

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' th' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle—
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up—
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—[*To Attendant*] Go,—
fresh horses:—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A court of justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers *discovered.*

Leon. This session[58]—to our great grief, we pronounce—
Even pushes 'gainst our heart;—the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

First Offi. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.

Crier. Silence![59]

[58] *This session*] The folio has "*This* Sessions:" but, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes, in the concluding speech of act ii. we have "Summon *a session.*"

[59] Crier. *Silence!*] In the folio the word "*Silence*" is separated

HERMIONE *is brought in guarded;* PAULINA *and* Ladies *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

First Offi. [*reads*] "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence[60] whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus:—if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know—
Who[61] least will seem to do so—my past life

from the rest, and printed in italic. That it belongs to a *Crier*, is, I think, manifest. Compare the following passage from *Henry VIII.*, at the opening of the trial of Queen Katharine;

> "*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
> *Let silence be commanded.*
> *K. Hen.* What's the need?
> It hath already publicly been read,
> And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
> You may, then, spare that time.
> *Wol.* Be't so.—Proceed.
> *Scribe.* Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.
> *Crier.* Henry King of England," &c. Act ii. sc. 4.

If the "commission from Rome" had been read in court, the Crier would previously have called "Silence!"

1863. Here Capell places "*Cri.* Silence!" after the words of Leontes, "Read the indictment;" and perhaps that is its proper position.

(60) *the pretence*] *i.e.* the intention, the design.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 245) conjectures "*the* practice:" but the old reading is quite right; for Shakespeare found the word in Greene's novel; "their *pretence* being partly spyed," &c.

(61) *Who*] The folio has "Whom."

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy: which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators; for, behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief,(62) which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine;
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd,(63) t' appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry "Fie" upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,—
With whom I am accus'd,—I do confess

(62) *grief,*] "Must surely be an error," says Mr. Staunton. But the passage is thus explained by Johnson; "*Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly dismiss it."

(63) *strain'd,*] "The following words, '*if one jot beyond the bound of honour*,' would induce me to think that we ought to read '*stray'd*' [and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector], instead of '*strain'd;*' but the present reading is sense," &c. Mason's *Comments*, &c., p. 149, ed. 1807 (a remark not quoted in the *Var. Shakespeare*).

I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know what
You've underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it;—as you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact[64] are so,—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails;
For as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:

(64) *fact*] "I would read '*sect*;' and so one of the Var. commentators [Farmer] suggests." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 101; where the editor observes in a note; "'*Fact*' has been defended on the ground that in a passage, which no doubt Shakespeare imitates here, we find the word '*deny*,' the phrase 'past all shame,' and, in particular, the expression 'forswearing the *fact*:' in other words, that, because Greene used '*fact*' in one combination, Shakespeare used it in another."

The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: my second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I'm barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its[65] most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' th' open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not:—for[66] life,
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake,—I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just:—therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery,—yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

First Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have

(65) *its*] See Preface to the Second Edition, vol. i. p. 7, note.
(66) *for*] The folio has "no."—Compare a little before, p. 442;

"*For* life, I prize it
As I weigh grief," &c.

Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. and Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

First Offi. [*reads*] "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now blessèd be the great Apollo!

Her. Praisèd!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

First Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' th' oracle:
The session[67] shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter an Attendant *hastily.*

Atten. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Atten. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone!

Atten. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*] How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. [*Exeunt Paul. and Ladies, with Her.*

(67) *session*] The folio has "Sessions." See note 58.

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain(68) hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour:—how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

(68) *certain*] Inserted by the editor of the second folio.—"'*Certain hazard*' is unquestionably right." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 102; where his editor (Mr. W. N. Lettsom) has the following note; "As Malone has asserted that '*certain*' is 'the most improper word that could have been chosen,' I may be allowed to quote a few passages:

Sidney, *Arcadia*, B. i. p. 13, l. 44; 'to know the certainty of things to come, wherein there is nothing so *certain* as our continual *uncertainty*.'

Tarquin and Lucrece [Shakespeare's *Lucrece*], st. clxxxviii.;

'Her *certain* sorrow writ *uncertainty*.'

Daniel, *Panegyrick to the King*, st. 48;

'In periods of *uncertain certainty*.'

[Beaumont and Fletcher's] *Honest Man's Fortune*, ii. 2; 'that portion I have, I would not hazard upon an unknown course; for I see the most *certainest* is *incertainty*.'

Heywood, *Love's Mistress*, v. 1;

'Her husband Cupid gave her *certain* rules
For her *uncertain* journey.'"—

Here Mr. Grant White does not admit "*certain*" into his text, because "it is plain that Shakespeare often purposely left lines incomplete."

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? or what boiling[69]
In lead or oil?[70] what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine,—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed,—stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing,—
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,[71]
And damnable ingrateful; nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king;—poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little,—though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't;
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts—

[69] *what flaying? or what boiling*] The folio has merely "*What flaying? boyling?*"—The second folio has "*What flaying? boyling?* Burning;" to which Capell (*Notes*, &c., vol. ii. P. 4, p. 171) justly objects that "deaths by *burning* are implied in a word before, i.e. *fires;*" he himself printing, very unhappily, "*What flaying*, rather? *boiling.*"—"It is evident to me that a word has dropt out. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote 'what flaying, *tearing*, boiling,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 13.

[70] *In lead or oil?*] The folio (which so frequently errs in adding the letter *s* to words) has "*In* Leads, *or* Oyles?"—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 243).

[71] *of a fool, inconstant,*] Altered by Theobald (wrongly, I believe) to "*of a* soul *inconstant.*"

Thoughts high for one so tender—cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry, "Woe!"—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I'm sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I've show'd too much
The rashness of a woman! he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition;[72] I beseech you, rather

(72) *do not receive affliction*
At my petition;]

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*At* repetition."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes

"*do not* revive *affliction*
By repetition."

Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take you your patience to you,[73]
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
Unto these sorrows.[74] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with the Child, and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou'rt perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,

[73] *Who is lost too: take you your patience to you,*] Here Rowe (in his sec. ed.) inserted the "*you.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 102) would read

"Who's *lost too: take your patience to you, and*
I will *say nothing:*"

but "I will" is very awkward after "*I'll*" twice just above.

[74] *Unto these sorrows.*] The folio has "To *these*," &c.—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 271).—Hanmer printed "*To these* my *sorrows.*"

The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I've heard,—but not believ'd,—the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming:[75] in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;

(75) *So fill'd and so becoming:*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— *and so* o'er-running."—"According to Singer, '*becoming*' here means *decent* and *dignified;* according to Staunton, *self-restrained.* The latter quotes, in support of his opinion, a suspicious passage from *Romeo and Juliet*, which, even if correct, is nothing to the purpose. I do not understand why he calls the old Corrector's '*o'er-running*' 'pre-eminently ludicrous;' or how Grant White makes it out to be 'ridiculous.' According to Johnson, *to over-run* is *to be more than full.* Surely 'a vessel filled and over-running' is a rather better expression than 'a vessel filled and dignified,' or 'a vessel filled and self-restrained.' Or, if we suppose that here, as elsewhere, Shakespeare has intermingled the comparison and the thing compared, and that '*filled*' relates to '*vessel,*' and '*becoming*' to '*Hermione,*' how can this adjective be applied to a person? *A becoming bonnet, colour,* or *attitude,* I can understand; but what can be said to *a becoming young lady,* or *a becoming queen?* I will not assert that Shakespeare wrote 'So fill'd, *e'en* so o'er-running;' but I am quite sure that, if the first folio had given us this reading, and the old Corrector had altered it to '—— and so becoming,' he would have had the whole vocabulary of vituperation hurled at his head, and nobody would have so much as dreamt that '*o'er-running*' was ludicrous or ridiculous." W. N. LETTSOM.

And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There wend,(76) and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the Child, with a scroll.*

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

[*Laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—poor wretch,

[*Thunder.*

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!—
The day frowns more and more:—thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough:—I never saw
The heavens so dim by day.—A savage clamour!—

[*Noise of hunters, dogs, and bears within.*

(76) *wend,*] So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "weepe;" which I no longer think can be defended by a subsequent passage of this speech, "*Weep* I cannot," &c.

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten[77] and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! —Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Seeing the Child.*] Mercy on 's, a barn; a very pretty barn! A boy or a child,[78] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now.—Whoa, ho, hoa!

Clo. [*within*] Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

Enter Clown.

What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land!—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

(77) *ten*] Hanmer printed "thirteen."—The Cambridge Editors conjecture "sixteen;" observing that "if written in Arabic numerals, 16 would be more likely to be mistaken for 10 than 13."

(78) *A boy or a child,*] Mr. Grant White substitutes "*A god or a child,*"—because in the novel on which the play is founded, the Old Shepherd, on seeing the babe, "thought assuredly that it was *some little god.*"—That here "*child*" means "a female infant" seems certain; "A child, a female infant," Hole's *Ms. Glossary of Devonshire Words*, collected about the year 1780 (quoted by Mr. Halliwell).

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes[79] up the shore!—but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not[80] to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service,—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—but to make an end of the ship,—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman,—he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man![81]

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see:—it was told me I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling:—open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made[82] old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so; up with't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. —Let my sheep go:—come, good boy, the next way home.

(79) *takes*] Hanmer printed "rakes."
(80) *and not*] Capell prints "*and* then *not*."
(81) *the old man!*] As the Clown could not know that Antigonus was "*old*," is this an oversight on our author's part?—Theobald substituted "*the* nobleman."
(82) *made*] The folio has "mad."

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, *as* Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy and terror
Of good and bad; that make and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness[83] to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,
Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself,—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,

(83) *witness*] Altered by Capell to "witness'd."

I mention'd[84] a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Bohemia. A room in the palace of* POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen[85] years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so,—which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered,—as too much I cannot,—to be more

(84) *I mention'd*] "Certainly not 'mention*ed*' [with the folio]. But the metre proves that the word is corrupt." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 103.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes to omit "*I.*"

(85) *sixteen*] The folio has "fifteene;" but see the preceding Chorus, and act v. sc. 3.

thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly[86] noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence: —that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but[87] I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

(86) *missingly noted*] "*Missingly*" means, says Steevens, "at intervals." Richardson (*Dict.* sub "*Miss*") has "'*Missingly* noted,' *i.e.* observing him to be *missing*, to be absent, noted, &c."—Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "musingly."

(87) *but*] Perhaps "and," with Theobald.

SCENE II. *The same. A road near the* Shepherd's *cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, hey! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—(88)
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? [*Singing.*
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly-cheat: gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hang-

(88) *With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—*] The second "*with, hey!*" is from the second folio: but perhaps the name of some bird has dropped out.

ing are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar;[89] five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers,—three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies; mace; dates,—none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger,—but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born! [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offend[90] me more

(89) *Three pound of sugar*, &c.] Here Capell inserted the stage-direction, "[reading out of a Note]," because the expression "out of my *note*" occurs presently; and the more recent editors mark these and some other words in this speech as if they were read from a paper: but I believe that the Clown is trusting to his memory alone.—1863. On the words "*out of my note*" Mr. Grant White remarks; "*i.e.* 'not among the matters of which I am to take note;' not 'out of my [written] list,' as most editors evidently understand it, by printing the items which the Clown enumerates as if he read them from a list."

(90) *O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offend*] The modern editors give, with the second folio, "—— offends:" but compare, in p. 456, "whose loss of his most precious queen and children *are* even now to be afresh lamented;" and see note 116 on *Love's Labour's Lost*, vol. ii. p. 216.

than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*Picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you,—that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server,—a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,[91] and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,* [*Sings.*
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A lawn before a* Shepherd's *cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora

[91] *unrolled,*] Is explained "struck off the roll of vagabonds."—"But," observes Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "'*unrolled,*' without any thing to determine its application, cannot well stand alone. I believe it, however, to be a mere blunder of the ear for 'unrogued.'"

* *Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,* &c.] "These lines are part of a catch printed in *An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches,* 1661, 4to, p. 69." REED.

Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me,—
O, pardon that I name them!—your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it[92] with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attirèd; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.[93]

[92] *it*] Added in the second folio.

[93] "*I should blush*
To see you so attirèd; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass."

So Hanmer ("*swoon*" being Theobald's conjecture).—The folio has "*To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke,*" &c.—Malone, who retains the old reading, says; "Hanmer probably thought the similitude of the words *sworn* and *swoon* favourable to his emendation; but he forgot that *swoon* in the old copies of these plays is ALWAYS written *sound* or *swound*." Yet Malone might have found, in the first folio, "Many will SWOON when they do look on bloud," *As you like it*, act iv. sc. 3; "Or else I SWOONE with this dead-killing newes," *King Richard III.* act iv. sc. 2; "What? doth shee SWOWNE," *Third Part of King Henry VI.*, act v. sc. 5.—Mr. Grant White also retains the old reading;

"sworn, *I think*,
To show myself a glass;"

and thus explains it; "Perdita says, and, to my apprehension, as plainly and pertinently as possible, that Prince Florizel, in obscuring himself 'with a swain's wearing,' would seem (if it were not that the festivity excused the costume) to have sworn to show her, a swain's daughter, a reflex of her own condition, as if in a mirror, and, consequently, the difference between her actual position and his." But surely the passage, with the reading "sworn," cannot possibly bear such an explanation,—the word "*myself*" at once refutes it: Perdita could not say, "you . . . . sworn to show *myself* a glass;" she must have said, "to show *me* a glass."—Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, gives, with his Ms. Corrector and Zachary Jackson,

"so worn, *I think*,
To show myself a glass;"

and, according to his note, "Perdita tells Florizel that he is disguised as a shepherd, while she is pranked up like a goddess, and that his humble attire is worn, as it were, to show her in a glass how simply she

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now:—their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,—

ought to be dressed." Now, in the first place, "you . . . . so *worn*," in the sense of "you . . . . so *dressed*," is an intolerable violation of all the proprieties of language; and secondly, the word "*myself*" is as objectionable with the reading "so worn" as with the reading "sworn."

The lection which I adopt,—

> "*I should blush*
> *To see you so attirèd; swoon, I think,*
> *To show myself a glass*,"—

means, of course, "I should blush to see you so attired (like a shepherd), and I should swoon, I think, to show myself a glass (which would reflect my finery)." In *Timon of Athens*, act iv. sc. 3,

> "Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
> Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
> *I swoon to see thee*,"

are the words of Timon to Apemantus; and if there be no unfitness in the rough misanthrope thus figuratively declaring that *he swoons at the sight* of the philosopher, much less can there be any in the gentle Perdita's figuratively declaring that *she should swoon at the sight* of her rich apparel.

I may add, that though in this passage I have printed "*attirèd*," it would seem from the spelling of the folio, "*attyr'd*," that here the word was formerly pronounced "*attierd*."

Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak,—that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;[94]
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised;* Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and other Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all;

(94) *Be merry, gentle;*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Be merry*, girl;" and Mr. Collier confidently declares that "'*gentle*' cannot, and never did, stand alone in this way, without being followed by 'maid,' 'lady,' &c." But compare, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. 15;

"*Gentle*, hear me;
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius."

Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. [*to Pol.*] Sir, welcome:—(95)
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.—[*To Cam.*] You're welcome, sir.—
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fair'st flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

(95) *welcome:—*] Most probably (as Hanmer reads) "you're *welcome.*" Compare the next line but one.—Capell prints "Welcome, sir."

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the[96] sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they're given
To men of middle age. Ye're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day;—and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,[97]
That come before the swallow dares, and take

[96] *wi' the*] The folio has "with'."
[97] *daffodils,*] "Coleridge's '*golden* daffodils' is plausible. It would contrast with '*dim* violets.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 104.

The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold[98] oxlips and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.—Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,[99]
And own no other function: each your doing,

([98]) *bold*] Hanmer substituted "gold."—"The old reading is certainly the true one. The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the sun. Wallis, in his History of Northumberland, says that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. It should be confessed, however, that the colour of the *oxlip* is taken notice of by other writers. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris* [by Peele], 1584,

'—— yellow *oxlips* bright as burnish'd *gold*.'" STEEVENS.

([99]) *move still, still so*, &c.] "Here," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 74), "I think, a line, or possibly two, have dropt out; which, if preserved, would have obviated the difficulty of construction, which forms the only blot on this most exquisite speech;

'move still, still so, and own
No other function: each your doing [ ]
. . . . . .
So singular in each particular,' &c."

So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so[100] fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems[101]
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out:[102] good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up!

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray,[103] good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

(100) *so*] The addition of Capell, Walker, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Rowe's addition was "forth."

(101) *seems*] Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "says;" which is adopted by Mr. Collier in the sec. ed. of his *Shakespeare*, and by Mr. Grant White.

(102) *her blood look out:*] Theobald's correction.—The folio has "*her blood looke* on't" (a misprint which frequently occurs: see note 96 on the preceding play, p. 369).

(103) *Pray,*] Hanmer prints "I *pray*."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 105) proposes "*Pray* you."

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:[104] I but[105] have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another[106] best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew[107] to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes,—no

[104] *a worthy feeding*:] Hanmer substitutes "*a worthy* breeding;" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—"*A worthy feeding*" is a valuable tract of pasturage. As to "*worthy*," see note 28 on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. i. p. 303. As to "*feeding*," Steevens cites from Drayton's *Mooncalf*,

"Finding the *feeding*, for which he had toil'd
To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd;"

and from the Sixth Song of his *Polyolbion*,

"—— so much that do rely
Upon their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility."

[105] *I but*] The folio has "but I."—See Walker on "Transposition of Words," in his *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 246.

[106] *another*] Hanmer prints "the other."

[107] *grew*] Altered by Rowe (in his sec. ed.) to "grow."

milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of "dildos" and "fadings," "jump her and thump her;"* and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape (108) into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man." †

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided (109) wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

* "*dildos*" *and* "*fadings*," "*jump her and thump her*"] All burdens of old songs and ballads.

(108) *jape*] *i.e.* jest.—So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "gap,"—which Mr. Staunton explains "parenthesis." (Mr. Grant White, who prints "*jape*," is quite mistaken when he asserts that it does not mean a jest, but a coarse and boisterous explosion of mirth: in the passage which he cites from Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, "*gapte*" is merely "*gaped*." The verbs to *gape* and to *jape* are perfectly distinct words.)

† "*Whoop, do me no harm, good man*"] "In *The Famous History of Friar Bacon* we have a ballad *to the tune of* 'Oh! do me no harme, good man.'" FARMER. "This tune is preserved in a collection entitled *Ayres, to sing and play to the Lvte and Basse Violl, with Pauins, Galliards, Almaines, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl. By William Corkine*, 1610, fol." RITSON.

(109) *unbraided*] Has been explained, "not braided, not knitted," also "undamaged, unsoiled, sterling;" but qy. is "*unbraided*" a misprint? Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters it to "embroided."

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more,—which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle-off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues,[110] and not a word more.

[110] *Clamour your tongues,*] Gifford, and some others, call this "an evident misprint" for "Charm [*i.e.* silence] *your tongues.*" But Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 424) observes that the same phrase occurs in Taylor the Water-poet's *Sir Gregory Nonsense;*

"He thus began; Cease friendly cutting throats,
Clamour the promulgation of your *tongues*," &c.

And Mr. Arrowsmith (*Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 567, *First Series*) explains "*clamour*" to mean "curb, restrain," considering it as equivalent to "*chaumbre* or *chammer*" (Fr. *chommer*), and cites the following passages from Udall's translation of the *Apopthegmis of Erasmus*, 1542; "For Critias manaced and thretened hym, that onelesse he *chaumbred*

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a-life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

his tongue in season," &c. *The First Booke*, p. 10. "From no sorte of menne in the worlde did he refrein or *chaumbre* the tauntyng of his tongue." *Id.* p. 76.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, "Two maids wooing a man:" there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you!

Song.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.
Dor. Whither? *Mop.* O, whither? *Dor.* Whither?
Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
Dor. Me too, let me go thither.

Mop. Or thou go'st to the grange or mill:
Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.
Aut. Neither. *Dor.* What, neither? *Aut.* Neither.
Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them.—Come, bring away thy pack after me.—Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.—

Will you buy any tape, [*Singing.*
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a, [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters,[111] three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair,—they call themselves Saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind,—if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling,—it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter twelve Rustics *habited like Satyrs, who dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.
He's simple and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed[112] love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this

(111) *three carters,*] Because, in the second speech after this, Polixenes says, "let's see these four threes of *herdsmen*," Theobald substituted here "*three* goat-herds;" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 106) approves of the alteration.

(112) *handed*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "handled."

Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make care[113]
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand,—this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiop's[114] tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I've put you out:—
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:—
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force[115] and knowledge
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

[113] *make care*] The folio has "*make* a *care*."
[114] *Ethiop's*] The folio has "Ethyopians." (Shakespeare evidently did not intend that the arrangement should be,

"Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.")

[115] *force*] Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "sense."

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain!—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor shall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?[116]
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son

[116] *dispute his own estate?*] *i.e.* can he reason upon his own affairs? (Steevens compares "Let me *dispute* with thee of thy estate," *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 3.)—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "dispose *his own estate?*"

Should choose himself a wife;[117] but as good reason
The father,—all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,—should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd:[118] thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I'm sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

Shep. O my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see[119] this knack,—as never
I mean thou shalt,—we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far' than Deucalion off:—mark thou my words:—
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,

(117) *reason my son*, &c.] *i.e.* "it is reasonable that my son," &c.: but (since we have "*the* father" just after) qy. "*reason* the *son*," &c.?

(118) *acknowledg'd*;] The folio has "acknowledge."—Corrected in the second folio.

(119) *shalt see*] The folio has "*shalt* neuer *see*."

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop[120] his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.[121]—[*To Flo.*] Will't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,

(120) *hoop*] The folio has "hope."

(121) *Looks on alike.*] Qy. "*Looks on's alike*"?—"To *look upon*, without any substantive annexed, is a mode of expression which, though now unusual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakespeare's time. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* [act v. sc. 6];

'He is my prize; I will not *look upon*.'

Again, in *King Henry VI. Part III.* [act ii. sc. 3];

'Why stand we . . . .
And *look upon*, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?'" MALONE.

"To look *upon*, in more modern phrase, is to look *on*, *i.e.* to be a mere idle spectator. In this sense it is employed in the two preceding instances." STEEVENS.—Here Mr. W. N. Lettsom (who proposes a very bold alteration) observes; "Malone's note on this passage is nothing to the purpose; but it misled Grant White, who attributes it to Steevens, entirely overlooking Steevens's note, which is, in fact, a quiet correction of Malone's."—It seems, indeed, plain enough that the present passage is not akin to the two passages cited above by Malone, nor to the passage in act v. sc. 3 of this play;

"Strike all that *look upon* with marvel."

Nor dare to know that which I know.—[*To Florizel*] O sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet,—yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones! but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—[*To Perdita.*] O cursèd wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him!—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I've liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your[122] father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which I do guess
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

[122] *your*] The folio has "my."—Corrected in the second folio.

Flo. I am,—and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides[123]
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you've e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her who here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most oppórtune to our[124] need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need!

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Taking her aside.*
[*To Camillo*] I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,[125]
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,

(123) *sea hides*] The folio has "seas *hides;*" the second folio "seas hide."

(124) *our*] So Theobald.—The folio has "her."

(125) *irremovable,*] Mr. Staunton, throwing out the comma after this word, says that it "is here employed adverbially."

And that unhappy king my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious (126) business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You've heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what is near'st to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,—
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,—on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress,—from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend! your ruin;—marry her;
And—with my best endeavours in your absence—
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

(126) *curious*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "serious."

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself and your fair princess—
For so I see she must be—'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the[127] son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness,—th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts.[128] Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: besides, you know

(127) *the*] The folio has "there."—Corrected in the third folio.
(128) *comforts.*] Qy. "comfort"?

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear 'our birth.[129]

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!—
But O the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.[130]

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if

(129) *She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear 'our birth.*]

"Read '—— *as*
I' th' rear o' her *birth.*'

The second 'She is' is, I think, a mere double of the first, as Hanmer saw, if indeed it is not a correction out of its proper place. The folio has 'She's' in the line before, and for this probably '*She is*' was intended to be substituted. The preposition '*of*' in both these lines means 'in respect of.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

(130) *Nor shall appear in Sicilia.*] *i.e.* (if there be no error here) Nor shall appear *like Bohemia's son* in Sicilia.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes; "For '*appear*' Mr. Collier's Old Corrector reads '*appear*'t.' This is scarcely English; but it suggested to me what I suspect to be the genuine reading; 'Nor shall appear *so* in Sicilia.'" Note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 232.—Mr. Staunton also proposes to insert "so."

The scene you play were mine.[131] For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng[132] who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown—who wants but something to be a reasonable man—grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket,—it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse,—I would have filed keys off[133] that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes,—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

(131) *as if*
The scene you play were mine.]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 114) says, "Pronounce, I think, '*as if*.'"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom suspects that here we ought to omit "*if*," and to read "play'd."

(132) *throng*] Is this meant for the past tense, or is Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector right in substituting "thronged"?

(133) *filed keys off*] The folio has "fill'd *Keyes* of."—Corrected in the third folio.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.
Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing Autolycus.*
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. [*aside*] If they have overheard me now,—why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore disease thee instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot. [*Giving money.*

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—[*Aside*] I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—
[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over 's[134]—to shipboard
Get undescried.

([134]) *eyes over 's*] The folio has "*eyes* ouer;" which Mr. Grant White thinks may mean "over-seeing eyes."—The Ms. Corrector of Lord Ellesmere's folio and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "*eyes* ever."—Rowe printed "*eyes over* you."

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.
Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.
Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.—
[*Giving it to Perdita.*
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.
Aut. Adieu, sir.
Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*
Cam. [*aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.
Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
Cam. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity,—stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:[135] I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

[135] *if I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:*] The folio has "*if I thought it were a peece of honestie to acquaint the King withall, I would* not *do't.*"—Corrected by Hanmer.

Re-enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too,—who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know not[136] how much an ounce.

Aut. [*aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.[137]

Aut. [*aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*]—How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

(136) *not*] Added by Hanmer.—"I suspect that a word was omitted at the press. We might, I think, safely read 'by I know *not* how much an ounce.' Sir T. Hanmer, I find, has made the same emendation." MALONE.

(137) *at the palace.*] The folio has "*at* 'Pallace."—Compare the Shepherd's next speech.

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or touse[138] from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] Advocate's the court-word for a present: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.[139]

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

[138] *or touse*] The folio has "at toaze;" the second folio "*or* toaze."—See Richardson's *Dict.* in v. "*Touse.*"

[139] *Advocate's the court-word for a present: say you have none.*
Shep. *None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.*]

The folio has "*Aduocate's the Court-word for a* Pheazant: *say*," &c.—"Kenrick, in his Review of Johnson's Shakespeare, says that for the former '*pheasant*' we ought to read '*present;*' and Malone, Var. 1821, *in loc.*, has made the same conjecture. Surely they are in the right." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 115.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. [*aside to Clo.*] His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] He seems to be(140) the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir,—about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son,—who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps' nest;

(140) *to be*] "Sounds awkward and uncolloquial. Qu. 'to *me*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 115.

there stand[141] till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him,—where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me—for you seem to be honest plain men—what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] He seems to be of great authority: close with him; give him gold: and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is[142] oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember,—stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-

(141) *there stand*] So Capell.—The folio has "then *stand*."

(142) *he is*] "I think the English of Shakespeare's time requires '*is he*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 246.

side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. [*aside to Clo.*] Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion,—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement?[143] I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. A room in the palace of* LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of

[143] *'which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement?*] This sentence is not rendered less obscure by the alteration of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; "*which who knows how that may turn* luck *to my advancement?*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (Preface to Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., p. xliv.) proposes "*which who knows* but luck *may turn to my advancement?*"

The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True,[144] too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
Kill'd![145]—she I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good, now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoke[146] a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;

(144) *True,*] This word, in the folio, forms part of the preceding speech.—Theobald restored it to its right place.

(145) *Kill'd!*] Not in the folio.—See the Article on the "Omission of repeated Words" in Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 141–2: but the present addition was made long before Walker's time, by Theobald.

(146) *spoke*] The folio has "spoken."

For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—[*To Leontes*] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good[147] Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage—
Where we offend her now—appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"[148]

(147) *Good*] Perhaps, with Capell, "Thou *good*."

(148) *would make her sainted spirit*
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage—
Where we offend her now—appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"]

The folio has "(*Where we Offendors now appeare*) *Soule-vext*," &c.—This passage has been amended in various ways. I adopt the alteration of Theobald, which is by no means violent, and which connects (as is evidently required) the word "appear" with "sainted spirit." (A parenthesis wrongly marked is not unfrequent in the folio.)—1863. I subjoin Theobald's note; "'Tis obvious that the grammar is defective; and the sense consequently wants supporting. The slight change I have made cures both; and surely 'tis an improvement to the sentiment for the king to say, that Paulina and he offended his dead wife's ghost

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.[149]
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."
Leon. Stars, stars,[150]
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,[151]—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young

with the subject of a second match, rather than in general terms to call themselves *offenders, sinners.*"

[149] *She had just cause.*] So the third folio.—The earlier folios have "*She had just* such *cause*" (an error originally occasioned by the word "such" in the line immediately above).

[150] *Stars, stars,*] Hanmer gives (and happily enough) "*Stars*, very *stars.*"

[151] Cleo. *Good madam,*—
Paul. *I have done.*
Yet, if my lord will marry,]

The folio has

"*Cleo.* Good madame, I haue done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry," &c.—

Rowe printed "Cleo. *Good madam*, pray, *have done.*"—The present regulation was made by Capell.

As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess,—she
The fair'st I've yet beheld,—desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave[152]
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;"—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you've seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam:

[152] *thy grave*] In contradiction to Warburton's note, "*Grave* for *epitaph*," Edwards observes; "*Thy grave* means—thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the *continent* for the *contents*."—Hanmer substitutes "*thy* graces;" and the Ms. Corrector of Lord Ellesmere's folio "*thy* grace."

The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon;
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,[153]
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. [*Exeunt Cleo. and others.*
Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st[154]
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,

(153) *This is a creature,*] Hanmer prints "*This is* such *a creature.*"—On "*creature*" pronounced as a trisyllable see Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 20, where he considers the word as such in the present passage, and would alter "*This is*" to the contracted form "This'," which the folio has in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

(154) *Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st*] Hanmer omits "*cease.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 116) says, "Perhaps '*Pray*, no more;' &c."—"Here," observes Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "is an evident jumble of two genuine readings, one the correction of the other; '*Prithee, no more,*' and 'I prithee, cease.'"

His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess-goddess!—O, alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,[155]
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity—
Which waits upon worn times—hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behindhand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage—
At least ungentle—of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.[156]

[155] *at friend,*] Altered in the second folio to "as *friend.*"—Other alterations have been proposed; "and *friend,*" "a *friend,*" "to *friend,*" "at *friends.*"

[156] *Libya.*] "Perdita is here transformed into a *Moor;* and although this play, among others, affords the most unequivocal proofs of Shakespeare's want of skill in the science of geography, it is at least possible that an error of the press has substituted *Libya* for *Lydia* or *Lycia.*" DOUCE.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.(157)

Leon. The blessèd gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes

(157) *Here where we are.*] Hanmer gives "*Here where we* happily *are.*"

My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening,—in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,—meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That "once," I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,

Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—[*To Florizel*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before the palace of* LEONTES.

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;—but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow,—but

in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.—Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more.

Enter another Gentleman.

The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.—Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more.

Enter a third Gentleman.

How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding; and many other evidences,—proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them,—for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd,

which stands by like a weather-bitten[158] conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.[159]

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes—caught the water, though not the fish—was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't,—bravely[160] confessed and lamented by the king,—how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "Alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned,[161] all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

(158) *weather-bitten*] Altered in the third folio to "*weather*-beaten."
(159) *do it.*] Altered to "draw *it*" by Hanmer, and to "show *it*" by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,—very needlessly.
(160) *bravely*] Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "heavily."
(161) *swooned,*] Here the old eds. have "swownded" and "swounded:" but see note 93.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer:—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter,—so he then took her to be,—who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.—Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown, *richly dressed.*

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gen-

tlemen born: give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept,—and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—[*Trumpets within.*] Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A chapel in* PAULINA'S *house.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble:—but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely,[162] apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.
[*Paulina draws back a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing as a statue.*
I like your silence,—it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak;—first, you, my liege:
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she

([162]) *Lonely,*] The folio has "Louely."

In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty,—warm life,
As now it coldly stands,—when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it?—O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's (163)
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.(164)

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power

(163) *colour's*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 116) says, "'*colours*,' surely."

(164) *no sorrow*
But kill'd itself much sooner.]
Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 28) proposes

To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is mine,—
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.—
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it ? [165]—See, my lord,

" no sorrow but
It *kill'd itself much sooner."*—

Capell prints

" no sorrow, sir,
But kill'd," &c.

[165] *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—*
What was he that did make it ?]

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives

" Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.
What was he," &c.;

on which additional line see *Blackwood's Magazine* for August 1853, p. 202, Mr. Singer's *Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 80, and my *Few Notes*, &c., p. 80; nor am I disposed to retract or modify what I have said concerning that line in the last-mentioned publication, notwithstanding its genuineness has been since asserted both by a critic in this country and by one in America.—1863. In the sec. ed. of his *Shakespeare* Mr. Collier has inserted the Ms. Corrector's "I am but dead, stone looking upon stone," with the following note; "This most beautiful and lost line is recovered from the corr. fo. 1632. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his 'Few Notes,' p. 81, takes the singular objection that although the new line at first 'appeared to him so exactly in the style of Shakespeare, that, like Mr. Collier, he felt thankful that it had been furnished;' yet presently afterwards he found that it was 'too Shakespearian;' that is to say, that the poet could not have written it, because it was so very much in his style. This is strange logic even for a commentator. Mr. Singer (who introduces his own absurd punctuation) complains with Mr. Dyce that Shakespeare would 'not so soon have repeated himself,' and then a passage is quoted and marked with italic type, in which Shakespeare repeats himself, not, as here at a distance, but *within four lines*. So much for fact, as well as logic. Mr. Dyce at last is obliged to admit that the line is 'ingeniously constructed,' having before said that it is 'exactly in the style of Shakespeare.' Let others try their hands at lines 'exactly in the style of Shakespeare,' where it is allowed

Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,

on all sides that something is wanted; and if they succeed, we will venture to say they will not give us lines in the least degree resembling that which Mr. Singer has in this place furnished. Does Mr. Dyce (and we fearlessly appeal to him as a man of taste and experience) think Mr. Singer's line 'exactly in the style of Shakespeare,' either in measure or meaning? As to the line supplying the hiatus in the corr. fo. 1632, we are more than content to have recovered it, and it must now ever stand as part of the text of our great dramatist: in the German edition, to which we have so often with pleasure referred, it is thus well rendered," &c.

As Mr. Collier cannot bring himself *to quote fairly any thing I have written*, I subjoin that portion of my *Few Notes*, &c., which touches on the line in question;

"Mr. Collier is mistaken in saying that Warburton considered the text as defective: Warburton's note runs thus; 'The sentence complete is,

'—— but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead:'

But there his passion made him break off.' Still, there is room to suspect that something has dropt out: and, on first reading the new line,—

'I am but dead, stone looking upon stone,'—

it appeared to me so exactly *in the style of Shakespeare*, that, like Mr. Collier, I felt 'thankful that it had been furnished.' But presently I found that it was *too Shakespearian*.

"Only a few speeches before, Leontes has exclaimed;

'O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty,—warm life,
As now it coldly stands,—when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: *does not the stone rebuke me*
For being more stone than it?—O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!'

Now, which is the greater probability?—that Shakespeare (whose variety of expression was inexhaustible) *repeated himself* in the line,

'I am but dead, stone looking upon stone'?

or that a reviser of the play (with an eye to the passage just cited) ingeniously constructed the said line, to fill up a supposed *lacuna*? The answer is obvious." p. 81.

It is to the speech adduced in the above extract that Mr. Collier alludes when he says; "a passage is quoted, and marked with italic type, in which Shakespeare repeats himself, not, as here at a distance, but *within four lines*." But that passage contains no offensive repeti-

As we are mock'd with art.[166]

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I'm sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,—
Which I protest against,—I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,

tion, like the one of which Mr. Singer and I "complain;" for there Leontes does not *twice* say that *he* is turned to stone;—in the concluding line, "Standing like stone with thee," *he speaks of his daughter.*

(166) *As we are mock'd with art.*] Has been altered by Rowe (in his sec. ed.) to "*As we* were *mock'd with art,*" and by Capell to "And *we are,*" &c.—Steevens remarks that the alteration "were" has been made "unnecessarily," he thinks, "considering the loose grammar of Shakespeare's age."

I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
Or[167] those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music, awake her; strike!— [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon[168] with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down from the pedestal.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor.
Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead.
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.*

(167) *Or*] The folio has "On."—Corrected by Hanmer.
(168) *look upon*] See note 121.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd,—for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose[169] worth and honesty
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let 's from this place.—
What! look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This' your son-in-law,[170]

[169] *whose*] "Evidently refers to Camillo." MASON.

[170] *This' your son-in-law,*
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.]

Here the folio has merely "*This;*" for which, with Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 81), I substitute "*This'*," the contraction of "*This is*," which the folio gives in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1. "We might indeed," says Walker (*ibid.*), "read '*This is*' without any violation of metre; but I prefer the other. For the construction,

And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd; hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

'whom heavens directing,' &c., one may compare *Venus and Adonis*, st. clxxiii.

'——as the snail, whose tender horns being bit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain.'

Cymbeline, iv. 2, I think;

'no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.'

Compare too *Tempest*, i. 2;

'Some food we had, and some fresh water, which [that]
A noble Neapolitan Gonzalo,
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed
Master of this design,—did give us,' &c.

Also *M[erry] W[ives] of W[indsor]*, iv. 6;

'—— I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested
Without the show of both.'"

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

00043290

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018